The Last of Mrs. Cheyney STARRING **Norma Shearer**

Madonna of Avenue A STARRING **Dolores Costello**

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

No. 829 August 20, 1929

Lonely? Join Rosemary Lee's Helping Hearts Club

10¢

Billie Dove

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

ETHEL ROSEMON
Editor

ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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CONTENTS

HELPING HEARTS CLUB 2
Rosemary Lee

THE LAST OF MRS. CHENEY 3-7
Ethel Rosemon

"BE YOURSELF" 8-9
Dorothy Strange

LIVES OF THE GREAT 10
Howard Curtis

THE MADONNA OF AVENUE A 11-14
Mark Canfield

THAT'S THAT 15
Ruth Rand

THE FLYING MARINE 16-17
Rosemary Lee

OUR SCHOOL OF SCENARIO WRITING 18
Anne Maxwell

FUN FROM THE FLICKERS 19
Sonny Smiles

GOTHAM GLEANINGS 20
Louis Weslyn

CONSULT MYSTIC MYRA 21
Myra Merton

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Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O'Mine:

Will you do Big Chief Pal a favor? When you write to me—not to the other pals—please write on one side of the paper only. Now this doesn't mean you are to cut your letters short but it's just a convenience for that printer man. He said to me today:

"Do your pals think I'm an acrobat? I have to twist and turn some of their letters so to find out what follows which that I'm thinking of applying for a job in vaudeville."

We don't want to take a good man out of a steady job, so write on one side of the paper only but write on one side of as many pieces of papers as you desire—and be sure to stamp your letters to the pals and write the names in lead pencil across the back, leaving the front free and clear for the correct name and address. Our mail's coming in by the truck loads now, so we have to make everything as easy as possible.

I hope you're getting all the blessed sunshine you can these days—and, while you're about it, get an extra supply for

Rosemary Lee.

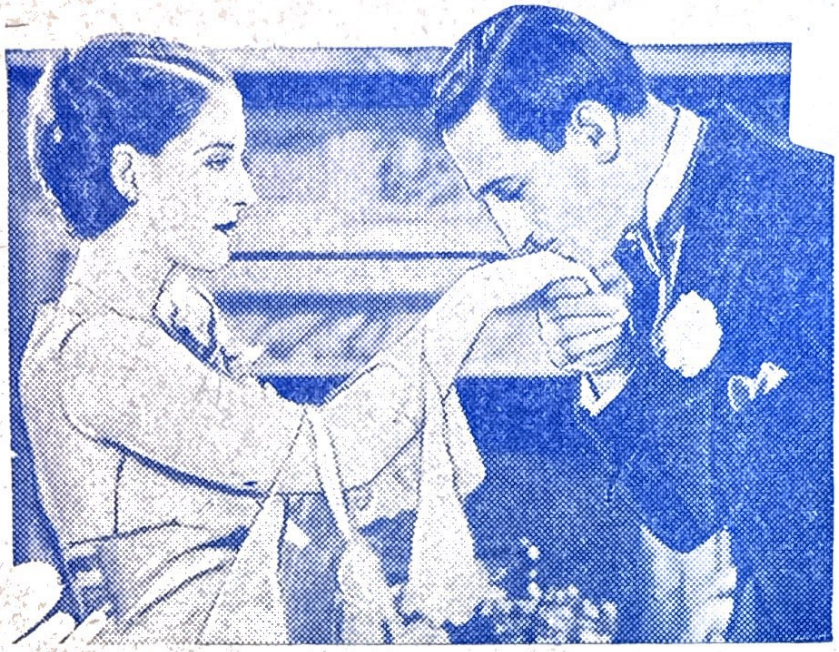
Dear Rosemary Lee:

I've been exceedingly interested in your department and a constant reader for some time. I've been going to write you off and on but that "going to" never got me any place yet! Here I am now, anyway. I haven't asked your permission to join your club but I trust you'll admit me. Will you?

I'm not the "5 ft. 2, eyes of blue" girl—far from it, for my eyes are brown and I'm somewhat over 5 ft. 2 tall. But why bother about describing? If any of the readers want to know badly enough what I look like, they will have to write me and find out! That is mean of me, is it not?

I'm anxious to correspond with people, of either sex between the ages of 18 and 28. Of course, I'll gladly answer any letters that come my way tho', and promptly, too. I already carry on an extremely large correspondence and enjoy it. I am acquainted with people the world over, having traveled all my life. Having lived in this city a year and a half now, I'm leaving in June for goodness-knows-where! But the below address, though somewhat lengthy, will reach me wherever I

(Continued on page 22)



"I could not leave without saying goodby to my charming hostess."

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney

Who was she, this charming newcomer whom the social set received so unquestioningly?

By ETHEL ROSEMON

MRS. Cheyney was charming. When men and women agree on this point, the world must concede the existence of some rare combination of qualities. Beauty of face and form was hers, a brilliancy of mind, a graciousness of manner that made her an asset to any social gathering. The smart set of London took her up without questioning. She came from Australia, they believed, and the late Mr. Cheyney had been a man of social position and wealth. She had been free with her confidences, they thought, but no one could say definitely that she had ever told anything about herself. Pinned down to the fact, it would be hard to say even how they had fixed Australia as her previous home. But, surely, Mrs. Cheyney was worthy of the friendship she inspired. The women were proud to address her as Fay—and the men who didn't wished they possessed that privilege. Everything about her was perfect, even to the servants that manned her Hyde Park home. Now take Charles, the butler. There was no one in their own social set that had the appearance, the air of this handsome, polished young man. Women who called at the house drank tea they did not want because Charles served it. Had he been so inclined, his affairs might have included names that shone with brilliancy in the social register. As it was, his air of detachment, of indifference served to add to the interest of Mrs. Cheyney's callers, to the fascination that prevaded everything connected with the young widow.

IT was at a charity musicale for which Mrs. Cheyney had opened her house that Mrs. Webley, arbiter of the social set, obtained the newcomer's half promise to be one of the house party at the Webley country estate the following week. Mrs. Cheyney would not forget the date, she assured the white-haired dowager, and she would do everything in her power to prevent unforeseen circumstances from interfering with her presence there. Lord Dilling was delighted at the prospect, so was Lord Elton whose title and wealth made him the most eligible bachelor of the smart set, despite his advanced years and his absolute dullness as an entertainer, a dullness that was equalled by Dilling's brilliancy and his reputation as a heartbreaker. They could scarcely be considered rivals by any thinking person, but, strange to say, Mrs. Cheyney seemed to show a preference for the dull, elderly bachelor. But Lord Dilling was not at all alarmed by this fact. His conquests had given him a certain confidence, even if Mrs. Cheyney's manner did not. She might be won, as other women had been; if not, well—he might even break the rule that there should never be a Lady Dilling.

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the play by Frederick Lonsdale. Hans Kraly and Claudine West wrote the scenario and Sidney Franklin directed, with Norma Shearer appearing as Mrs. Cheyney, Basil Rathbone as Lord Arthur Dilling, George Barraud as Charles, Herbert Bunston as Lord Elton, Hedda Hopper as Lady Maria, Moon Carroll as Joan, Madelien Seymour as Mrs. Wynton, Cyril Chadwick as Willie Wynton, George K. Arthur as George, Finch Smiles as William and Maude Turner as Mrs. Webley.

DURING the entire musicale this particular afternoon Lord Elton had managed some way to monopolize the attention of the hostess but Dilling bided his time. Elton, who was chairman of more purity and uplift leagues than most people realize exist, would, as the chairman of the entertainment committee, be called upon to make the final speech of the afternoon, the plea for funds for the worthy charity. Then the younger man would have his opportunity. And, as the latter rightly guessed, Elton's halting attempts to express his admiration for the charming newcomer in their midst had not as yet reached the proposal stage. Dilling was confident he would be able to accomplish his end in a few well chosen sentences. His opportunity came at last when he found Mrs. Cheyney alone in a cozy little nook adjoining the music room.

"I called you five times on the phone yesterday," he began, "and each time I was told you were not at home. You weren't really out, were you?"

"No," she smiled, "and twice I, myself, told you I was not at home. You see I don't care to be alone with you, even on the telephone."

"Oh—ho-ho, you're not going to embarrass me by telling me that you are nervous of me?" he asked.

Her eyes scanned his face before she replied:

"You happen to be one of the few men in the world I am not nervous of—and I feel that I ought to be. You see, I've been told that you've kept more married men at home than any other man of modern times."

"And still I don't attract you?" His tone was frankly interested. "May I ask why?"

"I realize you should. You're not actually plain, exquisitely indifferent, even rude to people, a great sense of humor, brilliant—and—" She paused.

"What else?" he put in eagerly.

"That's the trouble—nothing else." The man did not seem at all discomfited by her opinion of him; in fact, he put little credence in it. "Tell me, why were you so anxious to get me on the phone yesterday?" Mrs. Cheyney continued.

"I wanted to tell you again that you are the most attractive woman I have ever known. And, if that went well, I proposed to suggest a little supper in my flat."

"And if that went well?"

"Then I'm experienced enough not to have said another word until after dessert."

"And now?"

"The supper invitation still stands."

Her eyes met his gravely, scrutinizingly.

"How disappointing!" she remarked finally. "I thought you were clever but you're really rather stupid to attempt with me what I suppose has succeeded with so many women."

Dilling was frankly non-plussed—but not for long.

"Oh, I see your point," he returned suavely. "Well, naturally, if a woman comes all the way from Australia to England with the deliberate intention of marrying a ——"

A graceful gesture of her hand interrupted him.

"Oh, Arthur, ring the bell, will you?" she requested.

"What for?" he asked curiously as he pulled the chord.

"Charles knows where your hat is," she returned quietly.

This was a new experience for the popular Lord Arthur Dilling, accustomed as he was to saying what he pleased without reprimand from his acquaintances among the fair sex. Before he could make a suitable reply, Charles stood in the doorway and, at a word from the mistress of the house, reappeared the next moment, Lord Dilling's hat and cane in his hand.

"You wished your hat and stick, my lord?" he said as Dilling made no attempt to take them.

"So I've been given to understand," the latter returned, his eyes on the butler's face. "I can't remember, can you?" he asked finally.

"What, my lord?" Charles queried.

"Where we have met before," Dilling told him.

"We have never met before," the other replied.

"Oh, I assure you we have," Dilling continued the conversation. "I was educated at Oxford," he added meaningly.

"I once passed through Oxford on the train, my lord," Charles returned respectfully.

"Your manner of speech suggests that you might have gotten out and stayed there for a few years."

"I had no idea that Oxford had a school for butlers," the other remarked with no change of expression—and even Dilling could think of no appropriate answer. But still he lingered, hat and cane in hand.

"Were you with Mrs. Cheyney in Australia?" he asked.

"Oh, has Mrs. Cheyney ever been in Australia, my lord?" the butler countered.

"Didn't you know she had?"

"Mrs. Cheyney would never think of discussing her affairs with butlers," Charles returned quietly.

"I accept the rebuke," his lordship bowed.

"There was none intended, my lord," Charles told him—and Dilling turned away with the decision that he had at last met the unbelievable, the perfect butler.

"And one of these days I shall remember where I met him before," he said to himself as he passed out of the room.

But, if Mrs. Cheyney had an idea that this admirer could be so summarily disposed of, she was greatly mistaken. When she had watched the last car drive away from the door, she returned to the drawing-room with a weary little gesture—to find Lord Dilling awaiting her.

"Are you still here?" she asked resignedly.

"I couldn't leave without saying goodby to my charming hostess," he told her with the old confident smile. "And I want to apologize, to ask your pardon and to assure you that I should never dream of inviting you to have supper with me except in the company of at least two bishops."

Mrs. Cheyney's sense of humor was one of her chief charms and, in spite of herself, a friendly smile lighted her face and she was soon chatting with Dilling on the old terms of good-natured raillery, though she immediately and firmly refused his offer to drive her down to the house party the following week-end, claiming a previous arrangement with Lord Elton. Perhaps she was purposely trying to increase his interest by her refusal. He wasn't sure but he would take the opportunity to find out on the following week-end—that he promised himself. It would be difficult for her to avoid him in the intimacy of the select little gathering.

BUT Dilling and the Webley party would indeed have been surprised could they have gazed into the drawing-room of Mrs. Cheyney's home a few minutes

after they had taken their departure, for they would have beheld an amazing transformation in the well-trained servants who were now gathered around the piano at which their charming hostess was seated, the exemplary Charles in a smoking jacket of the latest cut, George, the second servant, minus his collar and coat and the chauffeur and the waiter in similar freedom of attire.

"Well, Fay dear," Charles addressed the mistress of the house, "has our charity concert borne fruit?"

Mrs. Cheyney's eye lighted with the quizzical smile that had so intrigued her noble suitors of the afternoon as she replied:

"Yes, I have the invitation. I've been asked by Mrs. Webley to be her honored guest Friday a week."

"Great, isn't it?" James, the chauffeur, enthused. "Charlie boy, that was a topping idea of yours."

"You know those bird's eggs of old Lady Webley struck me as being worth 30,000 pounds," Bill, the waiter, gave his opinion.

"And then some!" James added. "But she has better ones at home."

"If we can pull this off, we can retire and live like swells," was George's contribution.

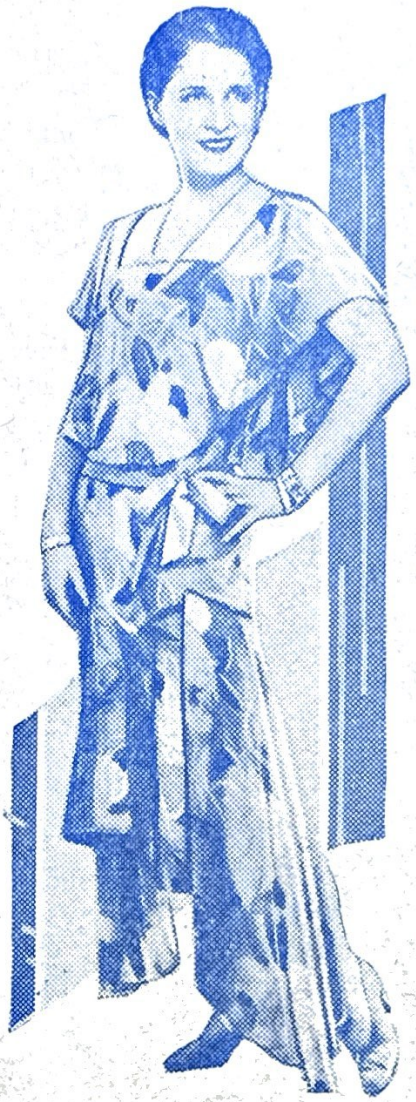
The smile faded from Mrs. Cheyney's face and she held up her hand for silence.

"I should have added," she surprised them, "I haven't definitely accepted the invitation." An excited series of exclamations arose from the men around the piano. "Any more of that, Charles, will decide me positively not to do it," she added. "Pretty lot of little pets you have." Her contemptuous glance swept their faces as Charles placed a hand on her shoulder and smiled down into her eyes.

"May I ask, my love, why you are in doubt?"

"Certainly," she returned. "I happen to like all these people very much and the idea of taking those pearls from Mrs. Webley is very distasteful."

Lord Elton's call through the garden interrupted Mrs. Cheyney's conference with Charles.



The charming newcomer had a beauty of face and figure, a brilliancy of mind and a graciousness of manner that made her a decided asset to any social gathering.

"I understand," he told her gently. But the others seemed not to possess his fineness of feeling.

"So you've fallen for the swells!" James sneered.

"Perhaps you have ideas of becoming—" George was interrupted by Charles.

"Don't forget one thing, my sweet," he told her. "The pearls we want from Mrs. Webley were taken by that lady from the wives of the men who gave them to her."

Fay's eyes became thoughtful as she nodded her head.

"That's true—you're right, Charles, you're always right."

AND so it happened that the following Friday found Mrs. Cheyney as the chief attraction at the Webley week-end party. Her dazzling beauty threw into shadow the other feminine guests—but, strange to say, they did not seem to resent that fact, a great tribute to her tact. And the air of detachment that prevaded her as she sat at the piano, her fingers lingering idly over the keys, added to her interest. This air of detachment disappeared at once, however, at the sound of a nightingale's call from the garden. Had the others not been so deeply

engrossed in a game of bridge at the other end of the room, they would have noticed the attentive tilt of her head, the strained look in her eyes as the bird's note sounded through the stillness of the night.

"Seems rather hot in here," she remarked finally. "I think I'll take a stroll in the garden."

Lord Dilling was on his feet immediately.

"May I escort you?" he asked. "I know a great deal about the geography of gardens."

"Too much, I'm afraid," she smilingly rejected his offer as she stepped out through the French windows.

ONCE out of sight of the occupants of the room, however, her step quickened while her eyes tried to pierce the dimness of the moon-flooded garden. Beneath a large tree at the further end, she soon spied a familiar figure and hurried forward.

"Charles! Charles!" she greeted breathlessly as the butler came out of the shadow to meet her, both hands extended.

"Fay, I got your message. Is there anything wrong? Are you losing your nerve?" he questioned anxiously.

"No, it's not that," she told him. "But, oh, it's all so distasteful. You see, Charles, during my adopted career I've never before persuaded people to invite me to their homes for the purpose of robbing them. Mrs. Webley is so sweet to me—to take her pearls—when I like her—I like them all—they are so charming to me and—"

"And whom do you find particularly charming"—the man's eyes scanned her face thoughtfully—"Lord Elton or Lord Dilling? Of course, if you—if you think you can find happiness, why I shan't stand in your way."

"Oh, you make it sound so selfish." She laid a friendly hand on his arm.

"I didn't mean to, my dear," he assured her.

"But William—and the others?" she questioned.

"They'll think you're letting them down," he told her. "But don't let that persuade you."

"If I didn't like these people so much—Charles, don't you understand?" she asked anxiously.

"Perfectly," he told her. "In my time I've been sentimental, too. But it's a pity. You—you have gifts—but perhaps this is not your vocation. Well, Fay dear, this—this ends a delightful partnership."

Her eyes suddenly became clouded, wistful.

"Oh, Charles—I'm sorry—I wish I could—" There was genuine regret in her voice.

"I shall miss you," he said simply as he turned to go.

She stood for a moment, undecided, then ran after him.

"You're right," she told him. "I'm letting you down and I can't do that after what you've done for me—taken me from the drudgery of that dreadful London shop, given me the only comfort, the only glimpse of beauty that I've ever had. Besides, I've just realized—our money is almost gone. What would you do?"

"Oh, I should fall on my feet," he smiled. "I always do."

"No, no, I've got to go through with it," she decided. "After all, you and the others should be more to me than these people."

"But *are* we?" he questioned.

"Yes, yes—and afterward—What was it George said? We'll live like swells."

"That's my sweet," he said with an affectionate pressure of her hand. "I knew you wouldn't fail me. Now remember—I'll signal. Courage, my sweet!"

At that moment Elton's voice called to her from the veranda of the house and with a whispered farewell to Charles she leisurely strolled back among the trees.

Lord Elton's face was wreathed in smiles as he came forward to meet her. This was his opportunity, for Dilling was still at the card table and the stillness of the garden, the mellow light of the moon—surely these would do much to help him ask the question that had become unbelievably important to him in the last few hours. But, even seated on the bench with her in that uninterrupted solitude, so close that the scent of her hair came to him intoxicatingly, he could not find fitting words for his proposal.

Then he had an illuminating idea. He would write her a note and have it delivered to her room that same evening. He told her of his resolution and an amused smile lighted her eyes, a smile that was touched with tenderness. After all, his gallantry, his respect for her called forth her gratitude and there was genuine friendliness in the hand she extended to him in goodnight, pleading a headache as her reason for retiring.

On the way to her room, the butler stopped her with the announcement that there was a call for her on the library phone. A worried shadow clouded her face for an instant. Charles! Could anything have gone wrong in his plans? She crossed eagerly to the phone—as Lord Dilling stepped out from behind the portieres.

"You've been so occupied tonight—and I wanted to talk to you," he told her, then with a new air of seriousness, "Did you accept Elton?"

"What makes you think I had the opportunity?" she parried.

"Did you refuse him?" he insisted.

"I did not," she smiled.

"In the end you will," he announced.

"Why?"

"Because his wealth and his position will in no way compensate you for his dullness, his stupidity," he assured her.

"Well, assuming that to be true, the love of a good man surely stands for something," she told him. "And, anyway, why are you so interested in my marrying Lord Elton?"

"It's obvious. I'm in love with you myself." His dark eyes were fastened on her face admiringly.

"From anyone else that would suggest a proposal of marriage," she returned lightly.

"If you like," he told her.

There was a look of incredulity, of questioning surprise in the eyes she raised to his as she asked:

"You seriously mean to tell me that you want to marry me?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't say that," he smiled. "To me the idea of marriage has always been the death and burial of romance but, since I know you don't agree with me, rather than lose you I am prepared to be at any church you'd like to name at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."

"There are three reasons why I should like to marry you, Arthur," she told him. "One, I like you terribly; two, it would be such fun to go to tea with all the women you haven't married, and, three, I should be some sort of a widow within a year. But, seriously, I know

too much about you and you know too little about me."

He came closer to her, his gaze commanding hers.

"Tell me," he said, looking into her eyes as if he would read any secrets hidden there, "aren't you all those things that a man demands of a woman he is going to marry?"

She hesitated a moment, then held out her hand in a gesture that was friendliness—and farewell.

"I am every one of the things you mean," she told him gently.

"I know you are—you're an angel." She was very near to him, yet she seemed more remote than at any other time during their acquaintance. "Ah, well"—he threw back his shoulders as if to brace himself to meet a great disappointment—"I take it that my first and only offer of marriage is rejected." She turned to go, then a sudden thought flashed across his mind. "Have you been laughing at me by any chance?" There was hurt and wounded pride in his voice and he was surprised at the wistful longing that gave her face a new interest.

"The reverse," she said as if to herself. "It's the first time in my life that I remember not laughing at myself." With a weary gesture she began to ascend the stairs.

"Goodnight, Fay," he whispered. "Perhaps in time—or just friends?"

"Just friends," she told him.

Dilling stood looking after her. He was frankly puzzled. She had seemed to like him. His wealth and social position left nothing to be desired. And she appealed to him more than ever now and he wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything in his life. It was supposed to be difficult to understand women. Up to this evening he had understood them perfectly—better than they understood themselves—but now—There was no use of retiring. He wanted to puzzle the thing out, for he was more troubled and disappointed than he cared to admit, even to himself. Outside the night was soft, luring. He would walk in the garden and smoke. Perhaps he could find a solution.

Fay crouched against the wall in fright as the door opened, flooding the hall with light.

"I always wanted to spend an evening alone with you like this, ever since I met you."

TIME went by unheeded. The house lights were extinguished, then one by one the lights in the rooms of the guests. Finally only one pair of windows remained illuminated—the ones of Fay's room. Perhaps she was troubled, too. He had been skeptical of her plea of a headache—and now he was positive it was only an excuse to be alone. Then suddenly the nightingale's call sounded again through the stillness. Strange he had never noticed it before in his frequents sojourns at the Webley home!

The next second the patch of lawn across which the reflection of light from Mrs. Cheyney's windows had fallen became dark and he looked up hastily toward her room. As his glance lingered for a moment, the lights flashed on and off again twice. A signal! Skirting the side of the house, he reached his own room by a back stairway and, donning his dressing gown, took up his position near the door. He did not have long to wait, for stealthily the door opposite his opened and Mrs. Cheyney stole out into the hall. Glancing cautiously around, she crept down to Mrs. Webley's room, listened at the door for a moment, then turned the knob. Reentering the hall again a few seconds later, she returned to her own room and shut the door. Guided by the moonlight, she made her way to the French windows and glanced cautiously down into the garden. Evidently satisfied with the result, she raised her hand to throw a box that she had taken from the pocket of her dressing robe. As she did so, her wrist was grasped firmly from behind, the box wrenched from her hand and the room was flooded with light. Turning, she looked into the steel-angry eyes of Lord Arthur Dilling. She gave a stifled cry of "Oh—Arthur, oh," as he pulled her back from the window.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" he exclaimed as he snapped the catch to the box and revealed the gleaming pearls lying against the satin cushion. "But they hardly become you. So this is the immaculate Mrs. Cheyney who fooled me so completely that I asked her to be my wife!" he continued. "Ha, ha, my wife! Well, that, of course,

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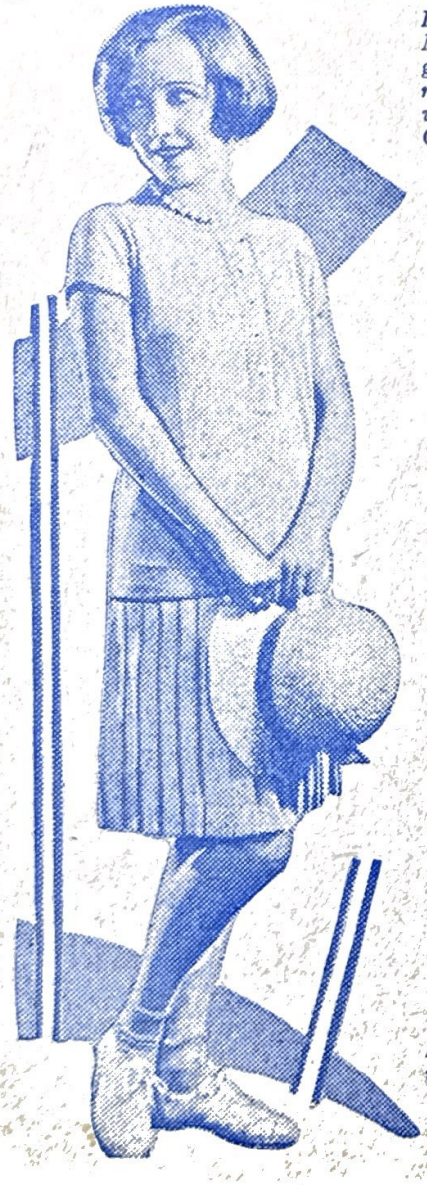
"Be Yourself"

In "The Broadway Melody", Bessie Love got the "break" she so richly deserves. Now watch her. (With Charles King, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)



Bessie's school-girl figure is the envy of the film colony.

JUST "being yourself" is the one outstanding principle to be applied if you wish to succeed in talking pictures.

This is the contention of Bessie Love, who made her talking picture debut in "The Broadway Melody".

"Having just completed a rather lengthy tour of one of the largest vaudeville circuits in America, I felt quite confident when, shortly after arriving back in Hollywood, I was called to make a test for talking pictures," Bessie said. "But the surprise of my life awaited me and I experienced over again the discomfort and fright of my stage and screen debuts all in one.

"Just previous to taking the test I overheard a conversation relating to the distortion of sounds amplified by the microphone. This started me to thinking and the more I thought the more panicky I felt, for I just knew my voice would be faulty, either too high or too low, or, perhaps, it just wouldn't fit in talking pictures. This deprived me of all my naturalness and, when I finally faced the microphone, I must have given the impression of a severely punished schoolgirl. I felt licked from the start. I wasn't myself.

"If I had been forced to go through the ordeal at that very moment, I know I would never have passed the test, but, fortunately for me, Director Harry Beaumont came onto the stage where the test was being made and stopped to chat with me. He is an old friend and he told me to forget everything I had heard, seen or read about talking pictures and the microphone and just 'be myself'. I did, but, believe me, I was certainly surprised when I heard myself talking from the screen. It's like meeting your twin—if you have one."

THIS vivacious little player, who is now getting the "break" she so richly deserves, is "herself" in more ways than one. Her dainty little flapper figure is the envy of the film colony, especially of those members who must work and diet to keep off the pounds and thus add to the bank roll.

"Oh, dear! If I had to exercise or diet to keep slender, I'd look like Trixie " she laughed when

This is the rule Bessie Love gives for screen success—and she follows it.

By DOROTHY STRANGE

"I felt licked from the start. I wasn't myself."

asked the usual stock questions about her rules for exercise and diet. "If people have the idea from reading about the lives of motion picture actresses that they spend all their time doing daily dozens, inhaling orange juice or playing tennis and golf or riding or hiking or taking fat and thin cures and that sort of thing, they're dead wrong as far as I'm concerned.

"Look at me," she continued. "I'm so healthy I hurt. I have some beautiful tennis racquets and some lovely golf clubs and some very smart riding habits. But the only use they are to me is for purposes of decoration. I love my golfing set. But I don't know which club is the tee or which one is the drive-off. I don't ever wear one of my bathing suits unless I have to for the benefit of the camera.

"When I get a chance to rest between work in pictures, I rest. I just love to lie in bed mornings. And, when I get out of bed, I don't do any cartwheels or deep breathing or rolling around on the floor. I eat a good hearty breakfast and lie around and enjoy life while I have the chance."

Recalling that Bessie has been referred to frequently as one of moviedom's champion dancers, we inquired whether it might not be that her dancing takes the place of other forms of exercise.

"I hadn't thought of that," she replied. "It might be. I love to dance, and I'm always dancing. Naturally it fills a great many of my hours of recreation, and I am seldom cast in a motion picture rôle that does not call for dancing. I dance because I love it. I can't imagine anyone's not liking to dance. It may be that my dancing does tend to keep down my weight. That I don't know."

Still there are many dancers who "shake a wicked leg" on the three-a-day and still have to shake many pounds of flesh with it, without shaking off a single ounce. Perhaps Bessie Love is just blessed of the gods. Some people are!

This is one time Bessie doesn't feel like dancing — when she gives up the man she loves to the younger sister of the team.

(With Anita Page in "The Broadway Melody.")

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

MARION Davies, who often has been called the leading comedienne of the screen, is one star who has had to struggle against the gift of beauty which some may think is the first qualification for motion picture success. To win her place as a clever actress, an adroit comedienne, she has had to work against the counter-attraction of her own beauty: Her symmetry of face and figure made it extremely difficult for her to prevent admiring co-workers from keeping her merely decorative.

Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Bernard Douras. Her early education was received at a parochial school in Brooklyn.

Marion is essentially a comedienne and it was not until she injected some comedy of her own invention into her work that her talents attained recognition.

Marion Davies's charm and tact have made her one of the most popular hostesses of the film colony.

Later, she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Hastings, N. Y. There she specialized in dramatic art, French, English literature and music. Although she played in several pageants produced by the students, she did not display any marked dramatic talent. However, her participation in these amateur theatrical entertainments fired her with the desire for a stage career.

On her graduation from the convent, Marion sought work on the New York stage. While waiting for an opening, she modeled dresses at a Fifth Avenue shop. Her unusual beauty soon won her a place in the chorus of "Chu Chin Chow". From this extravaganza she graduated to a dancing part in the musical comedy, "Oh, Boy". Flo Ziegfeld, always on the scout for beauty, saw her dancing in this musical show, and offered her a place in the "Follies".

While in the dancing chorus of Ziegfeld's Follies, Marion posed for Howard Chandler Christie and Harrison Fisher. Her face, through the work of these two artists, became so wellknown that she was billed by Ziegfeld as "The Girl on the Magazine Cover". She was the

(Continued on page 28)

"it's not because you don't love me, Mother?" Maria asked wistfully.

The Madonna of Avenue A

Lovely she was as a golden rosebud, turning her face toward the sun, eager for life, for joy, for love.

By MARK CANFIELD

THE assembly hall of the Harbor Crest Academy was crowded for the closing exercises of the year before the students returned home for the summer vacation. On the platform stood thirty or forty girls, all in shimmering white, singing "Alma Mater" with unusual fervor at the prospect of three months away from its classic halls. At the side of the rostrum were the members of the school faculty, gowned in such sober hues as black and brown and gray. They joined in the singing but with no such vivacity as the young girls. Miss Blanche Brewster Farwell, M. A., head of the school, was the typical pedagogical woman, prim in her black dress, prim in the way she wore her hair, brushed sleekly back from her forehead, with a big knot low on the nape of her neck—she did not believe in bobbed hair for the head of the fashionable academy for girls—and even prim in the manner in which she wore her black-ribboned eye-glasses.

Many pairs of eyes on the platform were focused on the girl who sat at the pipe-organ at one side of the room. She was very blonde, her large eyes very blue and her face delicately moulded. One of the girls, daughter of the wealthy Mrs. Kate van Zuyden, had once referred to her as "exquisitely lovely" and that phrase had lingered in the minds of the other girls because it so perfectly fitted her fragile appearing type of beauty. But Maria Morton was not fragile. Her flesh was firm and her body lithe and graceful with a suggestion of hidden strength. Her fingers were long and tapering as they flitted above the keys.

When the last strains of the organ had died away and the girls of the Choral Society had resumed their seats with a flutter of skirts, Miss Farwell remained standing

This is an adaptation of Warner Brothers' screen presentation of the story by Mark Canfield. Ray Doyle wrote the scenario and Michael Curtiz directed, with Dolores Costello appearing as Maria, Grant Withers as Slim, Douglas Gerrard as the Archduke, Louise Dresser as Georgia Morton, Otto Hoffman as Monk and Lee Mornn as Gus.

to address the pupils and the handsomely dressed mothers, with an occasional proud father wedged in here and there.

Maria did not listen closely, her thoughts busy with the fact that her mother had come and would take her home with her to spend the months of vacation instead of leaving her at the Academy all summer. She had never spent her holidays with her mother in her Park Avenue home in New York but had moped about school from the time classes were out in June until the other girls came flocking back in October, chattering of all the good times they had had at home or in the various resorts to which their parents had taken them.

Maria had no such memories to cherish. But this summer it would be different. Her mother had as good as promised to take her to New York. And now she was here! How handsome she looked and how exquisitely gowned she was as she sat in the audience by the side of the distinguished-looking man she had brought with her from the city. He was dressed in the height of fashion and at this moment adjusted a monocle to his eye to look at a line in the program to which Mrs. Morton had called his attention. Both turned their gaze upon Maria, still sitting at the organ, and she smiled happily at her mother.

"I wish to say a few words of farewell to our dear girls as they start on their summer vacation," Miss Farwell was saying, and Maria began to listen. "For nine long months we of the faculty have done our humble best to provide an atmosphere of intellectuality and refinement, to take the place of mothers and fathers, to discharge in all ways the tremendous responsibility entrusted to us. We know the happiness with which they look forward to the summer reunion with their loved ones. They have longed for these glorious weeks of summer when they will be free. The members of the faculty and I sincerely wish them the happiness that their long hours of study have won for them, and we will look forward with pleasure to their return next fall."

AT last the exercises were over and the girls eagerly joined their parents and friends or went to their rooms to change their dresses and get ready to leave. There was a babel of excited voices as they trooped out of the assembly room. An express wagon overflowing with trunks was just starting away; another was being loaded. Chauffeurs were carrying hand luggage to the limousines and smart sedans that were lined up along the walk. Goodbys were called in feverish haste and, by the time Maria had joined her mother on the steps of the main school building, her distinguished looking companion had disappeared—perhaps to get his car to take Maria and her mother to New York.

"Come up to my room in the dormitory, Mother, and see where I've been living for the past year. It's pleasant enough but how glad I'll be to get away from it for nearly three months!"

"I'm sure it's pleasant," observed Mrs. Morton. "My instructions were that you were to have a cheerful room, with plenty of sunlight and fresh air.' '

"It's really a love of a room, Mother, yet I get tired of it, especially in the summer when there are hardly any girls here at all and there's nothing to do but take a dip in the ocean, play tennis, read or try to study by myself. You can look around while I change and finish packing. It won't take ten minutes."

"What are you packing for?" asked her mother, her voice sharp with surprise.

"Why, to go to New York with you." At her mother's silence, Maria was invaded by a vague uneasiness and then doubt. "You said I could spend a summer with you."

"I'm afraid it will have to be another summer, my dear."

"But, Mother, you *promised!*" cried Maria. "And I've looked forward to spending *months* with you—having you all to myself again."

"I didn't promise for this summer, Maria. I said, 'Perhaps.' I had hoped it might be possible, but it isn't."

Maria was hurt at having her rosy plans for the vacation time shattered so completely. She felt that she would burst into tears if she said another word. So she said nothing. She turned her head so her mother would not see her sensitive mouth which she could never keep still when she was terribly disappointed, hurt or vexed. She preceded her mother up the stairs to her room in the dormitory, and Mrs. Morton seemed glad not to have to say anything while she climbed the stairs.

She was breathing audibly when she took a chair in Maria's room, partly from the exertion of climbing and partly in the quickness of her sympathy for Maria's disappointment, and perhaps a little in anticipation of a flurry of nerves from the girl.

But Maria had gained control of herself. She continued to say nothing. It was Mrs. Morton who became nervous.

"I wish you would *try* to understand, Maria. You make it *so* difficult for me."

"But you've let me think I could have the summer with you. You've let me hope. I've spent my life in schools, with never a vacation like other girls."

Her mother took Maria's hand and drew her to the arm of her chair, encircling her waist.

"We'll make up for that some day, my dear. I'm disappointed, too. I've looked forward to the time when I could have you with me, not for just a few weeks, but the year round."

"Then it's not because you—"

"What, Maria?"

"It's not because you don't love me?"

"Oh, my darling, I love you best of everyone in the world!"

Impulsively she tightened her arm about Maria and drew her upon her lap, kissing her with maternal passion, stroking her hair and the tender curve of her cheeks.

At the rare demonstration of affection from her mother, Maria all but gave way to her tears. She bit her lips to keep them back.

"I won't say anything more, Mother. I don't want to vex you. As long as you love me, I'll do what you think best."

"It is best for you to remain here this vacation," said Mrs. Morton. "Just now I've so much welfare work to do. Why, child, I can't begin to tell you all the time it requires. And it's so hot in the city during the summer! I've almost made up my mind to close the house and take rooms high up in one of the hotels." She paused for a time and when she continued there was a note of finality in her voice. "You'll be much better off here."

Maria turned in her arms, with a faint glimmer of hope.

"Please stop playing. It makes me feel ——"

"But I get so tired of always living with strangers, of never seeing anyone. This is the first time you have been here in a year."

"But I write you letters," Mrs. Morton answered, with an air of being on the defensive.

"Yes—once a month!" cried the girl. "But the rest of the time you leave me to the mercy of a lot of uninteresting old maid school teachers!"

In her rebellious mood she unconsciously mimicked the prim, precise manner of speech of Miss Farwell and Mrs. Morton gazed at her daughter in surprise.

"It won't last many years more," she answered, with no relenting in her voice or attitude.

Maria jumped up from her lap, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Many years!" she cried and went to the window and stood looking out at the beautifully landscaped school grounds, with the harbor beyond. The glimmer of sunlit waves had often comforted her in her despondent moods and had often made her long horribly to get away from the school and be with people who cared for her. If she could get out on one of the ships that steamed out of the harbor to new life and freedom! The school, at times, had seemed a prison to her, especially so in the summer time when she was almost the only girl left within its walls.

Her mother came to her and tried to comfort her.

"The time will pass quickly, Maria."

The girl released herself from her mother's arms, her rebellious spirit rising.

"If only you would let me take a trip somewhere! Can't you understand that I want to go places, to see things and meet people? Can't you understand how cooped up you've kept me, that I've grown up? I'm not a child any more! I'm alive and grown up and everything in me—"

She stopped, in fright at her own words and the implied criticism of her mother. Wracked with sudden sobs, she threw herself in her mother's arms and cried on her shoulder.

With clumsy, uneasy tenderness Mrs. Morton sought to comfort her, but she did not relent about the vacation. She promised to come more frequently to see her daughter, but that was all she did promise. She saw the man who had been with her in the assembly room waiting for her beside an automobile in the drive below and hastily kissed Maria goodby.

"Try to be contented and happy, my dear—and to believe that I am doing what is best for you. I am waiting for the time when I can have you with me as avidly as you are."

"I do believe that, Mother, but at times—"

"Don't come down to see me off, my dear. Your eyes are red from crying. I'll write to you within a few days. But, remember, I am terribly busy."

With another kiss she was gone. Maria waited at the window to see the distinguished-looking man help her into his car. When the machine was out of sight, her gaze wandered back to the sunlit water of the harbor. She tried hard to be resigned, shrugging her shoulders at her inability to do so all at once. After bathing her swollen eyelids, she stopped at her bureau and picked up the silver-framed portrait of her mother, studying its finely moulded features, trying to understand why she was treated so. She gave her head a little shake of perplexity and spoke to the photograph of Georgia Morton:

"Sometimes I can't understand you, Mother—but I love you anyway."

She held the portrait to her lips a moment and then looked at their moist imprint right over her mother's mouth.

ON the beach two or three days later, two men, lying on the sand were attracted by the figure of a pretty girl in a bathing suit and a pretty beach robe which the wind blew back, revealing her shapely legs and lithe, graceful figure as she walked along the edge of a bluff leading from the Harbor Crest Academy to the sea. Idly they watched her descend from the bluff and pick out a sunny spot on the sand.

The younger of the two men, a boy of perhaps twenty-one or two, was wide-shouldered, his cheeks bronzed by the sun, a flashing smile lighting up his face. His large brown eyes and his touseled black hair were in keeping with the healthy buoyancy of his face. The gold-braided cap of a ship's officer was cocked rakishly on his head. His rolled sleeves revealed an arm almost blue from the tatooing that adorned it. His name was "Slim" Shayne, and just now there was a glow of admiration in his eyes and he smiled as though pleased with the sight upon which his gaze rested.

"It's the one I was telling you about," he said to his companion, a heavy, coarse man, older by several years. "I've noticed her a number of times walkin' up above. Saw her the last time we were here."

"There's nothing the matter with her figure," observed his friend.

"I'll say there's not," Slim replied. "She's always by herself. Must be lonely."

"We can soon cure that complaint," said his companion, rising and starting toward the girl.

"Hey, not so fast, buddy," said Slim indignantly, catching hold of the man's arm. "We'll toss a coin to see who gets to make the advances to her."

"You got the last one," the man grumbled, "when we went ashore on Long Island. It's my turn now."

"Heads or tails, Dick?"

"Oh, have it your own way then! Tails!"

Slim tossed up the coin and let it fall, still spinning, into his hand.

"It's heads," he remarked in a pleased manner. "Come on." He quickly put on the jacket he had been carrying over his arm. Its gold-braided cuffs came down just a little too far on his wrists. He set his cap at a still more rakish angle and advanced toward the girl.

"Oh, well" grumbled Dick and followed Silm.

The girl became aware of the approach of the two men. She sat up straight, as though startled, drawing her beach robe over her legs. They continued coming straight toward her, and, in a moment more, she arose in some alarm and glanced at the slope of the bluff to find a good place to ascend.

She did not find the place at once, and the men were almost upon her. She started walking towards the bluff, the heavy shoes of the men crunching in the sand as they followed her. She felt that they intended to accost her, and her heart beat faster in trepidation and a sort of gladness. What if two strange young men did speak to her? She had hardly spoken to anyone since her mother had been to see her on the closing day of the Academy.

"Funny legs," she heard a rough voice back of her say. For the moment she did not gather the import of the words. When she realized the remark was about herself and that the coarse, sea-faring man had spoken it—she was sure it was the heavier man—she blushed with mortification. She had always thought her legs very attractive. She had caught enough secret, admiring glances at them from youths and men to have reason for thinking so. Her fright was keener than her resentment and she tried to walk faster. "Right leg's crooked," observed the same voice, but a few feet back of her.

In spite of herself, she glanced down at her right leg to find it as straight and slim and prettily curved as ever. She was startled at what seemed a scuffle and a blow exchanged between her followers.

"What do you mean, talking that way about a lady, you big bum?" came a fresher, pleasanter voice. "Take that!"

Maria turned in time to see the young officer hit the man at his side a hard wallop in the chest, knocking him down upon the sand.

"Oh!" she cried breathlessly and came to a halt.

"Can't I even walk with you without your disgracin' me, you bum?" said the officer, standing over the maker of the offensive remarks, shaking his fist. "I'm through with you! Do you get that? Through with you!"

There was anger in his voice, an anger that made Maria's heart rejoice in spite of the fear that had not left her. With a gesture of apology to the girl and a smart touch of his cap, the young officer advanced.

"I gave him only what was coming to him," he said with a glance back at the man on the sand who was sitting up, with a look of incredulity upon his face.

"Oh—oh, thank you," said Maria, half raising her hand but quickly letting it fall.

Slim waved away her gratitude.

"Oh, that was nothing. But I think I'd better take you home, Miss. There's a lot of rough guys around here." He offered her his arm.

She was flustered, in doubt what she ought to do. She smiled nervously at him. His face was grave, and there was but a hint of admiration in his eyes. He was young and very good-looking, and Maria's pulse beat thrillingly fast. She assented to his proposal by lightly touching his crooked arm with the tips of her fingers.

Slim stole a glance back at the admiring Dick and tipped him a wink, then walked sedately on with the girl. She left the conversation to him, and he managed it with excellent craftmanship as though accustomed to such situations. He employed his smile consciously, but Maria was too excited to observe it. Her hand burned at his touch when he took hold of it to help her climb up a steep ascent of the bluff. Once she slipped and found a

(*Continued on page 29*)

That's That

By RUTH RAND

And now they're going to make a vamp of wistful, appealing Helen Twelvetrees! (With Frank Albertson in "Blue Skies", Fox.)

Watch Dorothy Revier! This blonde young lady is rapidly climbing to the top. (Columbia Pictures.)

THE most enjoyable feature of "Blue Skies" was the wistful appeal of Helen Twelvetrees. There are few film players who have this quality to so marked a degree. And now from the Fox office comes the announcement that in "Words and Music" Helen will be a vamping vampire. Originally the producer intended to develop her as a second Lillian Gish. We regret this change of mind.

Helen is a Brooklyn girl, a graduate of Brooklyn Heights Seminary. She completed her studies at the Art Students' League and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Starting her stage career in stock with Stuart Walker, she rose rapidly, scoring decided successes in "An American Tragedy", "Broadway," "Yen," "Roulette" and other productions. She tops the list of the 1929 Wampas Baby Stars.

* * *

MARILYN Miller, star of "Sally", which is now in production in Technicolor at the First National Studio, is the central figure of a wedding scene in which, while she wore her bridal garments, she was unable to sit down. The wedding gown was made to order by the studio wardrobe department and was designed for standing and walking purposes only. Even the slender and svelte Miss Miller was unable to sink gracefully into a chair while wearing it. It took all day to complete the wedding sequence, and, except for lunch-time, when the star doffed the extremely clinging apparel, she was on her feet the entire time.

* * *

LOIS Moran, it is announced, will have an opportunity to exhibit some of the dancing she perfected by studying abroad, in her next Fox talkie-singie titled "Words and Music". When Lois was quite a youngster—more of a youngster even than she is now—she and her mother lived abroad so that Lois might have an opportunity for serious study. She appeared professionally in Paris and it was there an American film producer discovered her.

Tom Patricola, of vaudeville fame, has been chosen as Lois's leading man for this new picture. Tom is some stepper himself and he promises a brand new dance called "Stepping Along" which, he predicts, will become as popular as the "Black Bottom".

Another interesting thing about "Words and Music" is that it is going to be the beneficiary of scenes originally intended for the "Movietone Follies". These shots concern Lois alone and, when Fox officials saw the "rushes", they decided they were too good to be made a part of an all-star frolic and saved them for "Words and Music". We have heard frequently of many scenes reaching the cutting-room floor but this is about the first instance we have come across of preserving scenes for another production. If Lois doesn't think she is good, she has only to recall this fact.

* * *

EDDIE Buzzell, Broadway musical comedy favorite, who recently made his motion picture debut in Hollywood, has had every California joke played upon him to date except selling him real estate.

Buzzell picked his first fresh olive and ate half of it before the bitterness registered. Then he dug hopefully in a garden for an avacado.

Meeting his first horse in preparation for his jockey rôle in "Little Johnny Jones", the First National film version of the George M. Cohan musical comedy hit, he fed it sugar until he had no more. Then he learned that it wasn't the horse he was to ride, so his bribes were unavailing.

The microphone that was to take his first "talkie" film test asked him in reply to his best dramatic effort, "How's your grandchild?" And he wasn't surprised to hear a totally different voice from his own come back on the first "playback".

(Continued on page 28)

No matter what danger threatened, Steve Moran remained true to the spurs he had won as

The Flying Marine

By ROSEMARY LEE

(Steve Moran had been discharged from the Marines and was returning home to Midville where he and his brother, Mitch, had lived from childhood and where Mitch now conducted an aeroplane repair and flight shop. The older brother was all happiness at the prospect of having Steve with him and joyfully confided the news to Molly who had been his closest friend during the lonely years that succeeded his parents' death and his brother's absence. Unknown to the girl and, indeed, to Mitch, himself, there had sprung up in his heart a feeling deeper than friendship. Shortly after Steve's arrival he was about to confide his secret to the girl and ask her to be his wife but, before he found an opportunity to tell her of his love, Steve swept her off her feet and in a few days their engagement was announced. Mitch, rejoicing sincerely in his brother's great happiness and bravely hiding his own heartache, turned over to Steve their mother's engagment ring to be placed on Molly's finger. The next day Steve borrowed the ring back again, claiming he needed it for an investment, but Molly, entering the shop unexpectedly, gained from a telephone conversation that the investment was a bet on a horse race. Then disillusionment followed, sorrow at the loss of the ring entirely obliterated by the fact that he had lied to her. But the boy was not downcast. A moving picture company director, having witnessed the air stunts that had gained for Steve the title of "The Flying Marine", engaged him at a high salary to perform some of his feats for the camera. The very evening on which Mitch, having redeemed the engagement ring, took it back to Molly and learned from her own lips that she had made a mistake, that it was he, Mitch Moran, whom she loved, Steve was soaring high in the air while the camera ground. Unaccustomed to night flying and the glare of the searchlight, he was unable to gage his distance and brought the plane crashing to the earth. The shock to his nervous system rendered him totally deaf and, in their great sorrow for his affliction, neither Molly nor Mitch had the heart to tell him that the girl had discovered her mistake and that it was the older brother who really had her love. Mitch returned the ring to Steve and, as the latter slipped it on Molly's finger, asking her forgiveness for his former thoughtlessness, the first smile since his accident lighted his eyes and the boy and the girl knew they would have to stifle their great love for each other for the sake of the stricken boy.)

* * *

AND now as day followed day, Steve tried to resign himself to the maddening silence that was his constant companion. At first the doctor thought that, when the boy's nerves had recovered, his hearing would be restored but soon this hope vanished. There was nothing, he finally decided, but an operation by a well-known New York surgeon which, he told Mitch, he could arrange for a thousand dollars. The brother had no such sum but he knew one thing—he must raise it, no matter how. And, the very day after the doctor's verdict, fate threw the opportunity right into his hands. The studio called to find out if Steve knew another pilot, for the picture had to be finished.

"This is Steve's brother," Mitch told the director. "I'll do any stunt you pay for. I'll come right out and talk to you about it."

Molly, who was in the room at the time, held out a restraining hand.

"You don't know a thing about stunt flying," she said, "and I won't let you make such a sacrifice, even for Steve."

"But it is a quick way to pick up a thousand dollars," he told her, "the only way I know."

Steve came upon them while they were still arguing.

"What is it?" he asked. "A private fight or can anyone get in it?" His eyes searched the pale faces of his brother and his fiancée. "Listen, you two," he told them with a grin, "you just got to get along. We'll all be one big family soon, you know Come now, kiss and make up."

One strong arm went about each of them and drew them together. A smile of satisfaction lighted up Steve's face as the lips of his fiancée and his brother met—and he took no note of the quick movement with which they separated or the hurt longing that dimmed their eyes.

THE morning of the stunt-flying dawned. To Steve it was just another day in a world that had suddenly grown silent—but to Mitch it meant a thousand dollars that might restore hearing to his beloved brother. In spite of Mitch's reluctance, Molly insisted upon accompanying him to the studio. Her heart was sick with dread at the possible outcome of his daring and she did not want to lose a moment of being at his side. But first she stopped in to make Steve comfortable during her absence. He had been waiting for her, all joyous eagerness to tell her the glad news, for, just after Mitch had gone to the shop, Steve had accidentally hit the side of his reading table with his knuckle. His eyes had filled with wonder, then slowly, hopefully he had repeated the movement. Yes, it was true! Over his face there had come a smile of joy that was like a brilliant flame.

"I can hear, I can hear," he had cried, then, after phoning the doctor about the miracle that had happened to him, he had settled down to await the arrival of

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the play by Jack Netterford. Harry Cohen produced the picture and Albert S. Rogell directed, with Ben Lyon appearing as Steve Moran, Shirley Mason as Molly and Jason Robards as Mitch Moran.

Bravely Mitch and Molly hid their love in their devotion to the stricken boy.

Molly and Mitch. At the sound of footsteps on the porch outside, he picked up a newspaper and pretended to read. He would surprise them. When they began to talk, he would join in the conversation without the usual method of having the questions written out for him. But the next moment the joy-light died from his eyes, for, as his fiancée and his brother crossed the threshold into the living-room beyond his own, he heard the latter say:

"And, when Steve is able to hear again, we must think of some way to tell him the truth about our love."

He could not face them now; he must have time to think. His head drooped forward on his arms, folded across the table, and his eyes closed.

"He's asleep," he heard Molly say gently, then Mitch's voice:

"You'd better not wake him, the poor kid."

"These are the things he wanted," the girl said as she placed some magazines on the table.

Steve raised his head as if the movement had awakened him.

"Hello!" he said with an attempt at his old smile.

Molly took the pad and asked if there was anything she could do for him.

"No, sweetheart," he said, "there is nothing more you can do for me."

Silently he watched the two leave the room, heard them pause at the door for the parting kiss and once more his world crumbled about him.

THE ringing of the telephone aroused him from his painful reverie. The voice at the other end of the wire was excited, impatient.

"Where is Mitch Moran?" it inquired. "We've got to shoot the picture and we have no one else to do the stunt."

"What in the world are you talking about?" Steve asked.

"Mitch Moran is going to do a parachute drop 4,000 feet in the air with the plane going 190 miles an hour," came the answer.

The receiver almost dropped from Steve's hands and he could scarcely force his voice to ask:

"Who—who is going to pilot the ship?"

"Oh, we've got a pilot," he was told.

Then the boy fairly shouted into the receiver:

"But an ordinary pilot can't do that, man! It takes an expert, an old-timer! Hello! Hello! For God's sake—" But no amount of flashing the receiver could get back the party at the other end. Either he had hung up or Central had disconnected them.

STEVE had seen the grave look on the doctor's face after the final examination and had sensed that an operation would be necessary, an operation that would cost more than both of the brothers had in the whole world—and in a flash he knew why Mitch was risking his life to do stunts for which he had had no training. Like a wild man he dashed through the door and hailed a passing taxi. Never had wheels turned so slowly, never had there been so much traffic in that little country town. He knew that everything was in readiness for his brother to hop into the plane. Would he reach the field in time to save him? In the distance he could see the studio

(Continued on page 25)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON NINETY-ONE (Reviewed)

How About Your Title?

TITLES count. Very often they are a great factor in calling attention to a script, either professional or novice, which otherwise might not attract much notice.

It is said even that plays have been bought just because the title was intriguing and then entirely rewritten. But, if I were you, I wouldn't count too much upon this. That happens, I rather imagine, only about the time the fabled Blue Moon appears, which isn't a frequent occurrence, you know.

A short title is always to be preferred to a long one. If your play revolves definitely about some theme, let this theme form the title. If you know this title has been used before, then use one other word with it, or possibly two. As most of the major emotions have, at some time, been used as themes for screen plays, so most of them have been used as titles, and, in titling your play with its dominant theme, you will very likely have to use the added word or words.

If your play is one of action not involving a theme, find some outstanding incident which can be used as a title. A great many people who write to me simply use the name of the principal character. This is not so good. "John Halifax, Gentleman," or, as it is printed in my edition, just "John Halifax," would be all right as a title, for the book has been read for generations and by hundreds of thousands and has its own public, so to speak, but calling your play "Henry Holman" or "Molly Martin" doesn't mean a thing and surely will not attract the attention that you desire. It should not be hard to fix on the incident or episode that is the most important in your plot and then find out how best to set it in one or two or even three words that will arrest attention.

It is much easier to use a short title in advertising, particularly in using electric signs, and that is another reason for short, peppy titles.

There is another side to this question of titling screen plays. This deals with the changing of the title of a book or play after it has been before the public. Sometimes people write to me asking just why producers do this.

Mr. M. C. Levee, well-known producer of screen plays, argues that they are quite justified in doing this and gives his reasons.

"This question," he says, "has long been a bone of contention between motion picture producers and authors on one hand and between exhibitors and producers on the other. It all resolves itself into the familiar query, 'What's in a name?"

"Producers change titles because the public does not 'buy' motion pictures in the same mood that it buys books or even the spoken drama. Why do editors of evening papers dress them differently than the editors of morning papers dress theirs? Because casual passers by on the street hurrying home and seeking something to read on street cars and subway trains, do not bring the same mood to the perusal of a paper thus read that they bring the more leisurely reading of the morning paper which stays in the home all day.

"Producers realize the absolute necessity of arresting the public eye. They seek to do it with a title. Not always are they wise in their choice, but they are wise in their effort. Their practice is not always expert but the principle on which they work is sound. For instance, we changed the title of our present picture from "Molasses" to "Sweet Daddies" because the latter title was more closely associated with the story itself and helped to call attention to our chief characters.

"Picture producers owe consideration to authors, but their first obligation is to that broad public which goes to pictures and which may not read a great deal of fiction. The name under which a picture reaches this public ought to be descriptive of the screen production first and true to its fictional literary origin, second."

And now you have some idea of the answer to that oft-asked question: "Why do they change the titles of novels when they make them into pictures?" As a brilliant colleague of mine puts it:

"With Pep in your Title and Punch in your Play,
Screen Fame and Fortune are headed your way."

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Fun from the Flickers

"Nice spaghetti, Ma, but it's a little bit slippery." (*Educational.*)

By
SONNY
SMILES

"Her husband's coming to shoot me and she's coming to try to stop him."
"Oh, Willie, how could you—and the house not swept or anything? For heaven's sake, run right out on the back porch and get the sweeper." (*Educational.*)

"That's the second time you've saved my life."
"Why, that's nothing, Miss. I'll be glad to do it any time I'm around." (Educational.)

* * *

"Shall I call the police, sir?"
"By all means. You'll find them at the police station." (Educational.)

* * *

"Oh, I wish I knew how long this woman's been here."
"What difference would that make?"
"All the difference in the world. Then I could tell whether she was dead when she came in or whether she was alive when she was here! If she's dead, the police will charge me with murder; if she's alive, think what my wife will charge me with. Now, if she was murdered—that's an awful ordeal to go through—she'd need a rest, wouldn't she?" (Educational.)

* * *

"How did that woman get in your bed?"
"I haven't any idea. If I knew, I wouldn't be so nervous—I'd feel flattered." (Educational.)

"Oh, yes, and that reminds me I shall want some bullets."
"Well, how about the latest novelty, sir? It's called a cartridge. They're going off very well lately."
"Well, you'd better give me about twenty-five cents worth of mixed." (*Educational.*)

Gotham Gleanings

By Louis Weslyn

"RIVER OF ROMANCE"

(A Paramount Production, Reviewed at the Rialto Theatre)

Any yarn by Tarkington is certain to be good,
So the movie-makers holding forth in Hollywood
Knew quite well that they would not be taking any chance
When they made "Magnolia" into "River of Romance".

If you read "Magnolia", you surely will recall
What a clever tale it is—dramatic, too, withal;
Well, they've screened the story in a most engaging way,
Making it a very entertaining picture play.

'Tis a tale of Dixie life before the Civil War,
On the great plantations by the Mississippi shore,
Where the Southern gentlemen fought duels all the time,
(Gentlemanly murder wasn't thought to be a crime).

There's a Southern youth who doesn't like the dueling game,
But he gets mixed up in quite a quarrel just the same;
When he says he will not fight, his friends are horrified;
"He's a coward!" they exclaim, and from him turn aside.

Branded as a "chicken-heart", he leaves his home behind,
Trying hard to get his many troubles off his mind;
To a gambling hall he wanders one eventful night,
And, as luck will have it, gets into another fight.

Now's the time his blood is up—he vanquishes his foe,
Proving he's a devil when his anger is aglow.
Soon the news is spread around that he is brave and bold—
"Desperate as Captain Kidd who lived in days of old."

Well, it all winds up of course, just as the story should,
For the youth wins back his friends who thought he was "no good",
And the lady that he loves comes nestling to his arms,
Willing he should marry her and shield her from alarms.

There's an all-star cast that's sure to make a hit with you:
Charlie Rogers, Mary Brian, Wallace Beery, too;
Then there's big Fred Kohler and June Collyer in the cast,
Also Henry Walthall, who's as good as in the past.

Yes, the film's a winner, and you will not go astray
If you spend your money on a visit to this play,
There is fine direction and some scenes that will entrance,
Lovely scenes of moonlight on the "River of Romance."

"FOUR FEATHERS"

(A Paramount Production reviewed at the Criterion Theatre)

Here is a tale of a bygone age,
A story in vogue twenty years ago;
It once was a drama upon the stage,
And now it is seen as a picture show.

It tells an epic of soldiers four,
Each one a very heroic man,
Who left old England to rush to war,
And fight for his flag in the far Soudan.

One of the four, a coward was he,
At least, so all of his comrades said,
But he was the one who proved to be
The bravest of all—he forged ahead

And showed beyond doubt he was all true blue,
A man who was simply born to fight;
And, oh, what that wonderful chap could do!
He smashed his enemies left and right.

Some of the scenes, how fine they are!
Others are really not so good;
Shots made in Africa better far
Than those that were taken in Hollywood.

As to the cast—just have a look:
Richard Arlen and fair Fay Wray,
William Powell and suave Clive Brooke,
Noah Beery—all stars, you'll say.

Is it a hit? Well, I don't know;
I wouldn't call it a real big smash;
Still it's a mighty good picture show,
Destined to take in a lot of cash!

William Powell is rapidly gaining the reputation of king of detectives.

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All— And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Emil Jannings is in Berlin, making his first all-talkie.

Dixie Girl: So you think Johnny Mack Brown has a fine Southern accent as displayed in Mary Pickford's first talkie, "Coquette"? Well, he ought to have since he hails from Alabama where he became a nationally known football hero on the state university gridiron eleven. Coming to the screen after graduating from college, he won wide recognition as Marion Davies's leading man in "The Fair Co-Ed". He increased his popularity in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "A Woman of Affairs", crowning his screen achievements in "Coquette". Do I think he will ever be a star in his own right? Well, it looks that way.

* * *

Nils Fan: Yes, Nils Asther has a name one would not be apt to confuse with any other luminary of stage or screen. He's a Swedish boy, claiming Malmo, Sweden, as his birthplace. It is a coincidence that he was leading man in the Royal Dramatic Theatre at Stockholm when Greta Garbo was a pupil there. You know he supported the unique Garbo in "Wild Orchids" and now in her current starring vehicle, "The Single Standard". Yes, he seems to be gaining in popularity with each production.

* * *

Lottie K.: So you consider William Powell "just" grand" and you want to know whether he is English because he "speaks so well"? Tut, tut, Lottie, isn't that a bit hard on our splendid American product? Anyway, as it happens, Bill is a hometowner, Kansas City, to be exact. (And who wouldn't be exact?) He was educated in Pittsburgh and at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, N. Y. C. Upon leaving the Academy, he immediately obtained a part in "The Ne'er Do Well". Then for a time failure to get work and the rapid failure of shows in which he did made it not so easy going. Engagements in stock in Pittsburgh, Portland, Detroit, Buffalo, Northampton and Boston came finally and gave him valuable experience which he later marketed on Broadway in "Going Up", "Spanish Love", etc. His film debut was in John Barrymore's "Sherlock Holmes."

Charles King who leaped to cinema fame in "The Broadway Melody" is winning new laurels in "T H Review", the latest M-G-M masterpiece.

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

(*Continued from page 2*)

turn out to be. I'm expecting to do a little additional globe-trotting this summer, but send me the letters anyway.

I am *especially* interested in hearing from Emil O. D., also Helen of Phila., Ace of Spades of Riverside; Charles of Los Angeles, B from World's Playground; A Penna. Youth; R. C. H. of N. Y. C.; R. Y. of Erie, Penna.; O. A., Minnesota; Lonely Boy of New Haven; Helen W. of Detroit; Charles of Boston; Lonely Robert of Detroit and Lucky Gus. Please be *sure* to write me, won't you who are mentioned above?

As you may guess, I'm not what you might term a "lonely" girl for I have friends by the scores—but I'm wanting some one for a real *companion,* preferably a young man, well educated, who enjoys travel, dancing, theatres, jolly good times and such, but who also enjoys a quiet afternoon or evening now and then and who will be a true friend. There are a lot of fine men here but somehow they don't fill the space as well as might be. I will also be delighted to write any that may be lonely and I will do my best to help them.

Do your stuff, everyone! My pen is aching to scratch a long letter to you (hoping you are able to read it) and my eyes are aching to read interesting and long letters from everywhere.

Waiting—not for long I hope. Good luck to you and all.

Billie of ???

Are you globe-trotting just for pleasure, Billie? My, but it sounds intriguing! Wherever you are—and why—our pals' letters and thoughts will follow you around.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been a reader of your Helping Hearts Club for some time and as I am lonely I decided to try my luck at locating some pen pals.

I am seventeen years of age, five ft. tall, blue eyes and blonde hair. I am a lover of all sports and life in general.

I have just purchased a new box of stationary and I am waiting for the letters to pour in.

Jackie of Mass.

Life is good—isn't it, Jackie—no matter how hard it may seem at times. And, pals, Jackie is a girl.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Do you think you can spare a little corner in your club for me? I hope so. I surely would like to belong to it. I am forty years old, born in New York City, but have been away a great deal until lately. Former friends I had drifted away, and now I find myself lonely. I do not like to be lonely, no one does, I guess. I would love some pen pals, so I could pass away some of the lonesome evening hours. I'm almost certain I'll find some through your Helping Hearts Club. I'd like to hear from both sexes, but I wonder if, by any chance, there might be a nice man with dark hair, or blonde, I like both as I'm an in between type, medium brown hair and green eyes. Have a happy disposition usually, but am a bit blue just now. If some man with a jolly nature should write me a rollicking letter, it might chase my blues away. I'm sure it would.

Rosemary Lee, do you think you will be able to find me such a man? What interesting work yours must be. I hope Little Fella doesn't tear up my letter. You love animals, don't you, Rosemary? Well, so do I. Hoping that some day the editor will give you twice as much space for your Helping Hearts Club, I remain,

Mildred B. of Flatbush.

You're right, Mildred, no one enjoys being lonely. I am sure that there is a nice pal of the type you describe who is waiting to chase those blues away. Little Fella wants to know how you could possibly think she would be cruel enough to tear up such an interesting letter as yours. Yes, I do love animals and have a Loving Hearts Home for Strays all planned in my mind. All it needs is a generous donation from a few kind-hearted millionaires to make it a reality. Well, here's hoping.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Please may I become one of your happy members? I have been reading your wonderful Helping Hearts Column for some time, and, as I, too, feel lonely at times, maybe you can help me. I am a modern girl, twenty-four years old with reddish-brown hair, brown eyes and am real slim. More than that there is nothing else to say.

I would like to hear from Lon of Kentucky and als others. I will answer all letters, both male and female. I love all outdoor sports, but most of all I love to travel, to be on the go all the time. So, boys and girls, I am waiting for you all to write.

Marie of Chester, Pa.

Of course, you have a last name, Marie, but, try as I will, I just can't guess what it is. Won't you write and tell me?

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I have read some of the letters in your Helping Hearts column and let me tell you, it's wonderful of you to try and make young men and women happy by bringing them together.

I was particularly interested in the letter written by Ruth from Connecticut and I certainly would like to correspond with her.

Will you please bring us together? Thank you.

Patty of Elizabeth, N. J.

Patty is a boy. With nicknames it's sometimes hard to tell and I'm sure the pals want to know. Right?

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I am very lonely, and am thinking how wonderful it would be to have some pen pals through your wonderful column. I am sixteen years old, blue eyes, light brown hair and am five feet three inches in height. I would love to hear from both boys and girls or any one who would be willing to write. I hope, dear Miss Lee, that you will try to help me get some pen pals if you can. I enjoy all sports and just love reading. I have just finished reading M. P. S. and enjoy most of all your column. I promise to answer all letters promptly.

Please, Miss Lee, don't forget me and help me to get some pen pals.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Tessie of Lowell

Of course, I won't forget you, Tessie, and I know our pen pals will do the rest.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I would like to enlist in the Helping Hearts Club. I am a lonely marine, stationed in the Virgin Islands for

two years. I am twenty years old, six feet tall, brown eyes and hair, enjoy all sports and love to write. I will promise to answer all letters. Hoping they come fast and furious.

One of Uncle Sam's Leathernecks.

* * *

Welcome to our club, Marine! I foresee that there will have to be an addition to the mailing service to your part of the world when this letter of yours gets into active circulation. I know our pals will be anxious to hear about your life in the Virgin Islands. I confess that I was rather hazy about their location until your letter aroused my curiosity and I summoned the faithful little geography to my aid. Now I am a wiser woman.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I have had the pleasure of reading each and every issue of *Moving Picture Stories*. I buy it only on your account as I appreciate all the letters that are received by you from lonely boys and girls. I would like to join your club. You won't refuse me, will you? I am a lonely young man of twenty-one years. I do not dance, but read very much, therefore I have very few pals in my small city. I would appreciate it very much if you would introduce me to a few pen pals. I am of Jewish decent and would like to hear from Lauretta of Brooklyn, or B .M., of West N. Y. Any other pen pals will be greatly appreciated. I will gladly exchange photos with anyone, *with your permission.*

Thanking you in advance for your great favor toward a lonely boy.

All Alone of W. Va.

Of course, I won't refuse you, All Alone of West Virginia. Our club is open to all fine young girls and boys of this and every other country—and I know you are one of them.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

The writer is just an ordinary business man, not very old, fancy free—and lonesome. A few evenings ago, to relax the tired nerves, I picked up a copy of your *Moving Picture Stories* and noticed your Helping Hearts Club—and the splendid good you do.

Am an American, educated, single, church member, and would like to correspond with young ladies from sweet sixteen to twenty-five. All letters answered.

Kansas City Business Man.

And that's a real business man's letter, straight to the point, telling a complete story in just a few lines. I am sure those tired nerves are going to be relaxed much and often in the future by the letters from our pals.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I would very much like to join your Helping Hearts Club. I am twenty-one years old, five ft. 2 in. tall and weigh 140 lbs., have dark brown hair, brown eyes and medium complexion. I have been all over the western part of this country, including Mexico and Canada. I enjoy dancing, football, baseball, fishing, hunting; in fact all outdoor sports. I am an auto body trimmer by trade; otherwise, I'm a pretty nice "guy." I am interested in Nancy of Providence and Sweet Sue of Ohio. Will you please forward my address?

Hoosier Steve from Michigan.

Sorry, Hoosier lad, but it's against the rules of the club to forward addresses. However, there's no law against forwarding letters, so go to it.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

While checking over some magazines to be returned, I happened to see yours. I looked through it and found your column for the hearts of lonesome boys and girls and I wish to join your club. I wonder if any girls would want to write to a boy from the grand and big old state of Texas, the Lone Star State.

I am giving a description of myself if you will kindly print it in your column of the Helping Hearts Club.

I am five feet, six; black hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, twenty-three years of age, and full of life. I am looking for more pen pals to write to and hear from.

Would like to hear from girls from everywhere and will promptly answer all letters as they come. So, come on, girls, and write to one in the city of life—Dallas. Let's get acquainted.

Louis of Texas.

It sounds as if you're in the magazine business, Louis. I'm sorry that you had to check copies to be returned. Now be a good boy and see that this sad thing doesn't happen again.

* * *

Dear Mrs. R. Lee:

I have been a steady reader of your little magazine and am interested in the letter Jeanne H. of Brooklyn writes as I am in accord with her views.

If possible, could you forward my address to her or vice versa.

Thanking you for the good work you are doing, I am

Samuel of Paterson.

Just write to the pen pals whose letters intrigue you and Uncle Sam—your namesake—and I will do the rest.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I, too, would like to join the homey little circle I find comfort in called the Helping Hearts Club.

I am a graduate nurse from a well known institution in the East. My work takes me all over the country. Although I have scores of friends, I must find consolation in correspondence only, as I may be here today and gone tomorrow. I gather a lot of comfort from a number of letters awaiting me after a hard day's work. I keep up with my mail.

Pen pals, I will answer one and all and try to keep you interested and your letters answered.

I prefer to hear from gentlemen between the ages of 25 to 35, although all are welcome. I am a girl soon to turn 29, stand 5 ft. 6 in. tall, dark auburn hair, large brown eyes, weigh 152 lbs. and I guess am full of mischief.

However, I would like to hear from D. T. L., of Maine in the issue of June 25. His letter impresses me.

Here's hoping my mail increases in the next week or so. I promise to answer all letters within reason. Who will be among the first to relieve my lonliness?

Charmaine.

What a lovely name you have, Charmaine! It sounds like the heroine of some tuneful opera. Do you hear all those curious pen pals asking me what it is? Well, I am not telling them. They have to write and find out for themselves.

Dearest Rosemary:

Your club is wonderful, Rosemary.

I have heard from three pals already and I certainly have enjoyed writing, too.

Their letters were full of interesting things.

You certainly conduct a wonderful club and I wish you all the good luck in the world.

I wouldn't mind having a few more pen pals so whoever wishes to write to me, just write to

Polly of Chicago.

P. S.—Description of myself: 5 ft. 4 in., brown wavy hair, brown eyes and just 17 years of age.

I am glad, Polly, that the club has brought you pleasure and I know you have much more in store for you from the same source.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been following up your club since it started, but never had the courage to write to you. I don't know how I'm doing it now, even. I am writing with the hope that some one may see my letter and write to poor little me, though I doubt it. I will write to anyone who writes to me. I am not very lonely but love to write. I will exchange snapshots with anyone.

I am sixteen years old, five feet tall, have black straight hair, large hazel eyes (black with glints of green when I am mixed up in some mischief) with long curly lashes and a fair complexion. I am no prize beauty but that I will leave for you to say. I am a great lover of all sports.

I would like to hear from all the club members, paruticlarly John L. P. of East Boston, Mass., Max of Bayonne, N. J., John H. C. and Dick of Minnie.

Well, friends, I believe I'd better sign off and give some one else a chance, so, so long. Trusting I will meet som real pals through you.

Midgie of Ohio.

Sixteen, Midgie! No wonder you are mixed up in some mischief now and then! Who wouldn't be at sixteen? I feel sure the pen pals you mention will be glad to include you in their circle of correspondents.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been getting this magazine for the past year, but never knew about this wonderful club you have been conducting all this while. I have quite a few friends that are in it and they certainly are having a marvelous time receiving letters.

I wonder if you will be kind enough to send me the particulars about this club.

I would love to hear from boy pals especially, as I have quite a few friends, I mean girl friends to whom I write.

I am not exactly what you would call the lonesome type, but I love to write letters.

I am eighteen years old, five feet seven, a blonde with blue eyes and am considered very good looking by all my friends.

Would love to get in touch with boy pals from the age of 18 to 21, who are interested in aviation, dancing and movies, also any other kind of sport, especially swimming.

Betty, a Jack of all Sports.

P. S.—I'd love to get in touch with Joe of Union City as I see he is interested in aviation.

Well, Betty, becoming a member of our club is a very simple affair. All that you need is the will to form fine, clean friendships with the nicest group of lads and lassies in this whole United States. Then you pick out some one whose letter interests you and you write to him or her, as the case may be, placing a stamp in the right hand upper corner of the envelope and writing the pal's name in lead pencil across the back, so that Big Chief Pal may know whither to send which. Is this clear?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been following your club ever since it first began. Each week I hurry to the news stand for your magazine. Not only is the club interesting, but the stories are too.

In the July 23 issue, I find that "The Trial of Mary Dugan" is very interesting. I am sure I cannot wait for the next issue of Moving Picture Stories. "Blue Skies" is a very lovely little story, I think.

As for myself, some day I hope to be a writer. It is my meat and drink, but I'm too young to have many hopes.

I like to write mysteries and read them, too. I'm a dreamer, I admit, and a very lonely one, too. That is the reason why I am coming to you for help.

I want a pen pal, a faithful pen pal, one who will answer my letters.

About myself: I am sixteen years old, have brown hair, grayish brown eyes, 5 ft. 7 in., fond of dancing, reading, sports of all kinds and traveling.

Please write to a lonely lass, won't you?

Lia Tora Mark.

I certainly hope that you will accomplish your ambition to become a writer, Lia Tora. You must remember that these are the years that will serve as a foundation for the career you desire. Do plenty of reading and, as Anne Maxwell always advises, have a common place notebook as your constant companion. Write down in it little incidents that strike your fancy. Some day when you are real grown up you will have a fund of material on which to build, or at least, to fill out your stories. I am glad that you found "The Trial of Mary Dugan" interesting. It is a splendid picture. "Blue Skies," also is very enjoyable and I am sure it is the type of picture that will appeal to my pen pals, especially to the younger ones.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Several weeks ago, while reading some of the letters of the Helping Hearts Club which is conducted by you, I was very much impressed with those of Dot of Richmond, S. I., and Charles of Chicago and would like to correspond with them.

If you will be good enough to inform me what procedure is followed, I will greatly appreciate it.

I am enclosing herewith a self addressed envelope for your convenience.

Molly of Albany.

All you have to do, Molly, is to write to the pen pal, enclose the letter in an envelope, stamp it and write on the back of it the name of the person for whom it is intended, slip it into another envelope addressed to me—and just await the result.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have read the letters of your club members regularly but could not gain courage to write. I work in a hos-

pital and have plenty of time to write letters, so one and all write to me.

I am five feet three, eyes of blue, wavy auburn hair, and, last but not least, I am eighteen years old.

My sports are dancing and swimming but I like others such as tennis and basketball.

Miss Lee, I would appreciate very much if Charles of the Great Wide Open Seas would write to me as I love to hear of travels as I have traveled a bit myself. Also I would like to hear from the popular Max of Bayonne.

Just Boots.

P. S.—That play "The Woman from Hell" is now playing across from the hospital and I have planned to see it.

The movies must be a great recreation from your hospital work, Boots. I haven't seen "The Woman from Hell" but I hope for your sake it is good entertainment. I can imagine how eagerly you are going to look forward to the mail man's visits—and I know you will not be disappointed.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

After reading your Helping Hearts Club letters, I think I've found the answer to my prayers. Membership in your club may mean the rejuvenation of a heart which is now close to oblivion, and sinking fast.

The soul that can revive it and bring it back to life is one—and the only one—Dorothy B. of Duluth. A mere answer to this missive will accomplish the purpose.

To paraphrase the words of Lincoln: With the help of Rosemary Lee—God willing—we cannot fail; without this aid we cannot succeed.

A word in regard to myself: I have seen twenty-one summers, am five feet six inches in height, have dark brown hair and eyes of the same hue, but admittedly nothing to look at.

Just the State of Wolverine.

Dear, dear boy, twenty-one and the heart needs rejuvenation! We'll have to take you in hand at once, eh, pals?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I send this letter as a plea.
Won't somebody write to me?
I want pen pals.
Sure I'm single and, since I've told,
I'll add, I'm twenty years old and Jewish.
I swim and dance, and how I cook!
And certainly like to read a book.
Getting letters is my delight.
So please sit down and start to write.
Come on, pals, don't be slow.

Brown Eyes of Jersey.

Won't Charles of Chicago, Bert of Philadelphia, and We of Buffalo, New York, please write?

I want to know, Brown Eyes: Is there a melody that goes with the above?

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Won't some one in your club write to me?

I am nineteen years old, medium height, brown hair and blue eyes. I am awfully lonely and wonder if some one would be kind enough to write to

Dolores of Wash., D. C.

I'm sure some one will, Dolores—perhaps several some ones.

THE FLYING MARINE

(Continued from page 17)

grounds, the cameramen focusing their cameras, the director issuing orders through his megaphone and, on the edge of the field, a plane ready for the flight. He did not wait for the taxi to stop but jumped to the ground and made the rest of the way on foot. The pilot was just taking his place and beside Mitch's car, with their backs to the flying field, stood his brother and Molly, locked in a farewell embrace.

"Come, Bob, give me your helmet," he cried breathlessly to the young chap who already had one leg swung over the edge of the plane. "You're a fine pilot, but I wouldn't trust Mitch even with you for this kind of a stunt."

He had made the exchange and was in the pilot seat when Mitch came up to the plane, followed by the director.

"Now, remember," the latter warned, "give us a good long drop before you open the chute."

Mitch waved his hand to the girl whose anxious eyes were following him from the edge of the field. There was a whirring of the propeller as the plane gracefully left the ground and made for the clouds under Steve's expert control. When it had reached the required height, Mitch climbed out on the wing and prepared for the drop. As he jumped from the plane, one of the straps caught on the edge of the wing and held him fast, suspended four thousand feet above the earth, helpless to climb back, unable to open the chute. Steve saw his plight and did not hesitate for a moment but crept out on the wing and cut the strap, freeing his brother. He leaned over to see that the parachute was working and then started to creep back. But, as he did so, his own strap caught in the brace of the wing and he was held fast, unable to cut himself loose. The plane began to dip and turn somersault, whirling about like some mad thing, suddenly freed from all control. On the ground below, all attention was taken from the parachute and focused on the gyrating plane.

STEVE was still conscious when they lifted him from the ground but he knew he had made his last flight. Through the dizziness and horror of that rapid hurling through space that still rang in his ears, he could hear the sobbing of Molly and Mitch. Feebly he raised his hand and clasped that of the girl kneeling beside him, then his eyes sought his brother's.

"Good old Mitch!" he murmured. "Glad you made it!" He raised the hand he held in his and fastened his dimming gaze on the ring Mitch had placed there on the way to the flying field. "Never, never let her take it off, Mitch, never." Then the old smile, wistful, tender now, shone through the agony on his face and his voice trailed off in a murmur, "Atta boy, Mitch! You're a great kid!"

Mitch's hand met Molly's over the wrecked body of the boy they both loved and they turned away to face their first sorrow together.

Does the world still have one set of laws for the man, another for the woman? Don't miss "The Single Standard", starring Greta Garbo, in *Moving Picture Stories* dated September 3rd.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY

(*Continued from page 7*)

is impossible now." He drew her closer to him. "Nevertheless, my dear, I still adore you." Releasing her, he strode to the door, turned the key in the lock and dropped it in his pocket. Mrs. Cheyney's eyes widened with fright.

"What are you doing? How dare you? Give me that key!" she exclaimed.

But Dilling, his calm gaze fixed on hers, turned to the table and poured two glasses of wine, offering her one.

"Leave this room at once or I shall call for help," she flashed angrily.

"There's a night bell over there," he informed her. "Ring it. Bring the whole house here if you want them to know who you really are. But, believe me, when they do, they will have considerably less sympathy for you than I have. And I do hope you'll believe me when I tell you I sympathize with you very much. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Please go," she entreated.

"No, no, I like you too much," he informed her. "A glass of champagne? A little later, perhaps," he added as she shook her head. "I drink to you, Fay darling, to your beauty—and my good fortune. Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do," she returned with an entire change of manner. "How did you find us out, Arthur?" she queried as she puffed the cigarette.

"I recognize your —— By the way, what is Charles to you?"

"My butler."

"Yes, but I mean in his spare time."

"Still—my butler. But, tell me, how did you recognize him?"

"I saved him from jail once at Monte Carlo."

Her eyes twinkled mischieviously.

"You couldn't see your way to making a habit of it?" she suggested.

"I have a horror of doing the same thing twice. Married to him?"

"I am—nothing to him," she assured him. "We're just in business together."

"Just friends, intimate friends," he repeated sarcastically.

She raised compelling eyes to his but her voice was calm.

"Are you suggesting that Charles is anything to me?"

"I am suggesting that Charles and I have just one thing in common—we are both very human and you are a very beautiful woman."

"Possibly," she smiled. "But Charles has the intelligence to know the woman he can be human with. You should see more of him. What nice cigarettes!" she changed the subject, blowing a puff into the air.

"I'll send you some," he promised.

"That's sweet of you," she told him. "I'll give you my address tomorrow—when I know it."

"Are you thinking of changing it?" he queried.

"I have an idea that you might make it difficult for me to keep it," she retorted.

"I?" he smiled. "Oh, certainly not."

"But I'm right, am I not, in saying I can't keep it at the same price?"

The man's eyes were frankly admiring. How sporting she was! He had shown his usual good judgment in offering to make her Lady Dilling!

"Well, one always expects to pay a little more for the things one wants enough," he told her.

She was silent a moment, then she replied thoughtfully:

"Quite right—but I don't think I want it on your terms."

"Oh, very well." He turned to fill his glass. In that instant, the brilliant, indifferent air fell from her and she became just a woman, pleading with the man who held her in his power.

"Aruthur, if you want to be really generous, please go."

He was frankly surprised by her change of manner—but unmoved.

"No—no—not for anything in the world. You see I've always wanted to spend an evening alone with you like this—ever since I first met you."

"I see," she returned a trifle wearily. "I undestand you rightly—if I allow you to stay, you'll say nothing, and, if I don't—"

"I shall still say nothing—but we shall be found here together in the morning."

Her eyes scanned his face for some sign of relenting—but found none.

"I wonder if you would be interested to know that, although I've done nearly everything else there is to do in the world, being locked in a room with a man is an experience I have never had."

But frankly he did not believe her and was quick to say so, voicing his opinion that she was simply trying to work upon his sympathy in the hope of persuading him to open the door—with the possibility of laughing at him later. She assured him of her sincerity, continued to plead with him to release her, threatened to ring the bell and wake the household if he did not. He pointed out the certain result of such an action on her part, the preferability of being his guest for one night to being King George's for five years.

"Five years with King George wouldn't be nearly so long as one night with you," she assured him.

But still he was not convinced that she would dare carry out her threat; indeed, not until she had pulled the cord and sent the bell resounding through the house was he convinced of her earnestness. Then, as the sound of hurrying footsteps, the babel of excited voices came from the corridor outside, he begged her to hide, entreated her to avoid being discovered in these compromising circumstancs. But she stood her ground bravely. In response to the astonished, frightened questions that came from the group in the hall, she replied calmly:

"Just a minute. Lord Dilling will open the door."

There was nothing else to do now and, still reluctantly, he turned the key in the lock. An exclamation of astonishment went up from the night-robed group gathered outside the door, an exclamation that finally resolved itself into Mrs. Webley's stern question:

"Arthur, what is the meaning of this?"

The man remained silent, then Mrs. Cheyney stepped forward.

"Lord Dilling has something to tell you, Mrs. Webley," she said calmly.

Still the man remained silent.

"Well, what is it, Arthur?" Their hostess's voice was frankly impatient.

"Would you prefer that I tell them?" Mrs. Cheyney questioned as Dilling made no attempt to answer. She turned to the group again but, as she was about to speak, he forestalled her.

"I tricked Mrs. Cheyney into letting me into this room," he announced quietly. "In the presence of you all, I humbly tell her that I have behaved like a cad."

That he had voiced the opinion of every member of the group gathered about the door was evident from the condemning remarks they hurled at him, the prediction of complete ostracism from their circle. The man's face showed no regret, however, and Mrs. Cheyney, looking up at him, felt a thrill of admiration she had never experienced before. But he had not misjudged her sporting qualities—though it was inconceivable that they would carry her to the extent evinced by her next words:

"Here are your pearls, Mrs. Webley. You see I like them as well as you do. Lord Dilling can tell you that I took them from your room a half-hour ago."

And now the flood of disapproval swung to the woman and the condemnation was increased in severity in proportion to their former liking and admiration. Lord Elton was aghast that he had asked such a woman to be his wife—for his letter had been delivered early in the evening. The general consensus of opinion was that the police should be notified immediately. And at this juncture Charles stepped in through the French window and took his place at Mrs. Cheyney's side. She turned to him with a frightened little gesture.

"Courage, partner!" he whispered. "We must play out the hand." Turning to the group, he announced calmly, "We are entirely at your disposal."

It was Lord Dilling who suggested the wisdom of waiting until morning before taking any action and the two were placed in his custody for the remaining hours.

THE group gathered about the Webley breakfast table the next morning at an unusually early hour—for them—showed frank traces of a sleepless night. Each was anxious to express an opinion of the astounding developments of the previous night. Lord Elton was particularly perturbed. Not only had he entreated the fair visitor to be his wife but he had done so in writing—and the letter had contained pithy paragraphs about the hostess and each of her guests. When they learned from a copy he had retained his exact opinion of them, individually and collectively, they were of one accord—the letter must be retrieved from Mrs. Cheyney at any cost—to Lord Elton. But when the honored guest was brought before them, accompanied by Charles, she showed no disposition to part with the letter. A return trip to Australia, plus a sum of money which mounted with each refusal, held no attraction for her, even when offered as an alternative to notifying of the police. In fact, she told them quietly since she had been unsuccessful in the work she had set herself to do, it was no more than right that she should be punished. The women frankly admired the calmness with which she was meeting the situation; the men mentally compared her with the members of their own circle—to the disadvantage of the latter. Finally, when asked to put her own price on the letter, she smilingly admitted that she could not think of parting with it for less than 10,000 pounds. Lord Elton gasped but, finally, to the relief of all, paid the price of his one indiscretion. Mrs. Cheyney accepted the check gracefully, then opened her purse and scattered the letter, torn into bits, down on the breakfast table.

"Here it is, Lord Elton," she smiled. "I hope you will find all the pieces."

"Good heavens," his lordship ejacualted, "do you mean to say you destroyed the letter?"

The light of amusement brightened her eyes.

"Yes," she replied. "I tore it up—like this." The check he had given her joined the letter—in tiny bits.

"Fay!" Charles remonstrated. "Ten thousand pounds gone down the drain—and I've tried so hard to make her a crook!"

"Why did you tear it up?" Dilling asked.

"I was born with plenty of courage," she told him quietly. "I had my share of dishonest inclinations but of—what shall I say—decency I'm afraid I was given too much. I don't know whether you will understand."

"You're a grand woman, Fay—a grand woman!" came from Charles.

"I second that," Dilling put in heartily.

"And your verdict, Your Honor?" she smiled.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury"—Dilling turned to the assembled guests—"what is your verdict?"

"Not guilty!" came from one.

"She's a darling!" from another.

"She's a gentleman!" from a third.

"Silence in the court," Dilling commanded. "The judge wishes to speak with the defendant alone. Clear the court."

One by one Mrs. Webley's guests filed past, the men expressing a desire to set her up in a business of her own, the women promising to be her steady customers. Decidedly Mrs. Cheyney from Australia—or from whatever part of the world she happened to hail—was a huge success.

"Nice people, aren't they, Charles?" she commented sincerely when the door had closed upon the last guest.

"Most of us are, Fay darling," he assured her. "Well, goodby, my sweet."

She raised startled eyes to his.

"Goodby? What do you mean by goodby?" she questioned.

"Whenever you come into a person's life, come into it instantaneously; when you go out of it, go out of it even quicker. Goodby, my love."

"Charles, I'm going to cry," she protested.

"Don't do that, my sweet," he pleaded. "But I'd be terribly disappointed if you didn't want to.

"Charles, don't go. Stay and be the manager of my shop," she entreated.

"No use—I'd have to be honest and it would bore me."

"You—you should have fallen in love," she told him.

"It might have saved me—but I've never been able to manage it."

"What are you going to do, Charles," she asked anxiously.

"Why, I contemplate a little trip around the world," he replied. "By the way, Dilling"—he turned to the man who had been an amused listener—"I hate to part with it because it's the first I ever took, but here's your gold watch I relieved you of on Darby Day five years ago."

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY

(*Continued from page ? ? ? ?*)

"My dear Charles, I've always wanted to meet the man who took it," the other smiled. "I hope you will do me a favor—keep it."

"Thank you very much," Charles returned. "It's very nice of you. I will." He returned the watch to his pocket and, with a smiling farewell, left the house.

Lord Dilling approached the girl who stood at the table, wistful-eyed, her loneliness giving her an appeal she had not had even in her most luring moments.

"Next to going around the world with a woman one loves, I can think of nothing more attractive than going around with Charles," he commented.

"You'd enjoy it," she returned. "You have so much in common."

"I agree," he smiled. "You liked him?"

"I adored him."

"How much is that?" he asked eagerly.

"As much as a woman can ever like a man she's not in love with."

He was obviously relieved.

"I'm going to ask you a question," he continued, "but you needn't answer it if you don't want to."

"I'll answer it with pleasure," she told him. "If you hadn't come into my room last night, I would have taken the pearls. But I want to tell you, of all the women you've ever known, none has ever been so glad to see you in a bedroom as I was last night. You made an honest woman of me."

"It's an extraordinary thing, but the most difficult question to ask a woman is—is a nice one."

"What sort of question were you going to ask?" she urged him on.

"I was about to describe my hopeful contribution to your future. You see, quite early this morning I went to see a friend of mine—a bishop."

"How surprised he must have been to see you!" Fay put in mischievously.

"Delightful old soul, so sympathetic!" he commented. "I told him of a little trouble I was in and he said, 'If you will bring her here at eleven o'clock this morning, I'll fix it for you.'"

"What was he to fix?" she asked.

"That I could have breakfast with you tomorrow morning."

"But I never eat any," she laughed.

"Oh, I told him there was a possibility of that."

"Tell him anything else?"

"That I love you, told him everything about you and he said, 'Get her—you'll never get another like her.'"

"What a darling he sounds!" Fay exclaimed. "I should rather like to meet him."

"He asked us to be punctual," he told her.

"Oh, does he think I'll come?"

"He's more certain of it than I am. He says you love me, has some sort of an idea that you would never have rung that bell last night if you didn't?"

"Oh, I'm sure I shall like him!" she smiled. "Do you think he'll like me?"

"He'll adore you—just as I do!"

He swept her into his arms and planted a kiss on her upturned lips.

"What's that?" she asked breathlessly.

"That's the last of Mrs. Cheyney."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried. "And that?" as he again pressed his lips to hers.

"That's the beginning of Lady Dilling.

A tear-mist dimmed the brightness of her eyes.

"Beast!" she said, clinging to him. "You're never happy unless you make me cry."

LIVES OF THE GREAT

(*Continued from page* 10)

model for Harrison Fisher's famous painting, "Morning".

While on a holiday in Florida one winter before the opening of the "Follies", Marion was photographed on the beach with some other girls. A producer who had met her and had been impressed by her personal charm —she is the most popular hostess in the Hollywood film colony—saw this reel of film and was fascinated by the way she photographed. He induced her to leave the "Follies" and play before the camera. So anxious was she to make her first film vehicle a success that she even wrote the scenario for the photoplay, "Runaway Romany," which was produced by an independent company and had a well merited success.

Playing straight heroine parts, Marion appeared in "The Belle of New York", "The Burden of Proof," "Cecelia of the Pink Roses," "The Cinema Murder," "April Folly," "The Restless Sex," "Buried Treasure," "Enchantment," "The Bride's Play" and "The Young Diana". Her beauty, strangely enough, was her biggest handicap. The public, quick enough to appreciate her personal charms, could not see beyond them and discern her remarkable talent.

Not until she injected some comedy relief of her own invention into "When Knighthood Was in Flower" did the public take her to its collective heart. Since then, comedy has been Marion's forte. One success has followed another; she has achieved rare triumphs in such pictures as "Little Old New York", "Janice Meredith," "Yolanda," "Zander the Great," "Lights of Old Broadway," "Beverly of Graustark," "The Red Mill," "The Cardboard Lover," "The Patsy" and "Show People."

Marion Davies is a natural blonde. She has blue eyes and a fair complexion, which, during the summer months, is quite frankly overlaid with freckles. She loves outdoor sports and practical jokes, but, nevertheless, finds time for some serious reading and a great deal of charitable work.

THAT'S THAT

(*Continued from page* 15)

He sat down on a breakaway chair that simply crumbled beneath him. He didn't even lose his smile when he chose another that was electrically wired in a manner invented, they say, by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. But he did resent stepping into the loop of a cowboy's lariat and dragging in a sitting posture some fifty feet.

"You see I slid on the spot that was already the worse for my acquaintance with Hollywood 'horses'," he explained—and ducked.

* * *

ETHEL BARRYMORE is one of the Eastern vacationists in Hollywood. But is it really going to be a vacation? Rumor has it that she and Jack and Lionel will do a talkie together. It wouldn't surprise us a bit and we are here to say that it would be "some talkie".

* * *

MADONNA OF AVENUE A

(Continued from page 14)

strong arm around her, steadying her. When the last few feet of sharp ascent were behind them, she stopped, breathing rapidly. She observed the gold braid on the sleeve of his coat as he removed his arm from about her. Her fright was gone. It had evaporated in the few brief minutes of companionship with this stranger.

"Are you an officer?" she asked, smiling up at him, wide-eyed.

Slim answered with a bored smile and a nod.

"Special government boat," he explained.

She was impressed by the fact that one so young should be an officer on a government ship and did not observe that he pulled at the sleeves of his coat so that it would not be so evident that they were too long for him.

"Is that a school up there?" he asked quickly as he noticed her poised as if for flight.

"Yes—an academy for girls."

"And you're studyin' there?"

"Yes, and I must be getting back."

"It's still early," he protested. "I've been lonely, too, and it's good to have a nice girl to talk to. Don't go yet."

He took her hand coaxingly—the hand that was swinging her hat.

"But they're so strict! If they saw me talking to you, I'd be expelled." With a frightened glance at him, she released her hand, but he retained her hat.

"Aw, talk to me a little while first," he pleaded.

"My hat, please. I must go at once. I'll slip through the hedge here by this tree."

Slim kept her hat and stepped closer to her so that she gave way before the hand he stretched out to seize hers again . She backed up against the tree and the youth leaned his right hand against it, between her and the hedge.

"Don't go just yet," he coaxed. "You're so pretty and —and sweet, and I'll probably never see you again."

"I mustn't even be seen with you," she murmured. "Please give me my hat."

She turned to step away from the tree and he put up his left arm so that she was held a prisoner, almost in his arms. He smiled down into her eyes.

"I've waited so long to talk to you."

The boldness of his speech took her breath away.

"You've never seen me before!"

"Yes, I have—three times, walking along the bluff. Once I watched you through the telescope."

She trembled slightly at the thrill that went through her. He had watched her and wanted to talk to her! And his arms were now all but around her! She had never been so close to a man before. She was frightened a little, but it was a pleasurable fright. He was several inches taller than she and smiled down at her, so confident of himself, of his power to wheedle her into remaining a few minutes longer.

Trying to restrain the trembling of her limbs, she raised timid eyes to him.

"Some—some other time."

Slim frowned at the idea of a postponement of their talk, then he grinned cheerfully, caught her hand and held it imprisoned.

"What about tonight then? Will you see me tonight?" She was shocked anew at his audacity. Violently shaking her head, she tried to disengage her hand. But he clung to it. "There'll be a swell moon, and we can walk along the beach. What's the harm in that? Please say you will."

"No. No, I can't."

His face sobered in resignation.

"Of course, I'm only a sailor, and I suppose you are a grand lady. But I was lonesome and—" He stopped to let that sink in. It had its effect. Didn't she know what it was to be lonesome? He saw her face soften and continued his coaxing. "Come on, be a sport."

Maria began to laugh, her nervousness banished, but she shook her head with great positiveness.

"I really must go now," she said, giving him her eyes, with a softer, admiring look.

Slim shrugged and sighed.

"Well, if you gotta, you gotta. But you're not going without telling me your name?"

She hesitated at that. What would Miss Farwell say if she knew that not only had she talked with a strange man on the beach, but had even given him her name?

Slim dug a bit of paper out of his pocket and scribbled on it. Then he handed it to her.

"Here's mine—Slim Shayne. And my address, too: 325 Avenue A, New York City." He grinned at her, showing even, white teeth. "You might want to write to me some day."

She laughed at his cocksureness and again demanded her hat.

"Name first," he cried tantalizingly, holding the hat out of her reach. Feigning exasperation, she told him only her first name.

"Maria!" he cried delightedly. "That's a swell name! If I was a girl, I'd like to be called Maria."

She burst into a giggle at the idea of this big, broad-shouldered young man's being a girl, while Slim laughed aloud. With a sudden wrench, she freed her hand and slipped through the hedge. But a strong young arm shot through the branches and grasped her hand again.

"In case you decide you like moonlight, Maria, I'll be waiting down on the beach tonight. And, if you promise to be a good girl, I'll take you out and show you my ship."

He gave her her hat and watched her vanish into the Academy grounds. Would she come down to the beach? He half thought she would. He knew he had made an impression on her, and, gee, she was lovely in her bathing suit!

As he returned to the shore, some men were climbing out of the ship's launch. One of them, a bigger and an older man than slim, was wearing a jacket too small for him and he was bare-headed. He caught sight of Slim and bellowed:

"So you're the damn swab that borrows my coat and cap! Just let me get my hands on you!"

"Oh, forget it, Dan! The dames all fall for the braid on the sleeves and the cap. Give a young fellow a chance now and then, can't you?"

"Of all the damn nerve!" the man grumbled and then laughed. "Well, did they bring you luck?"

"Ask me in the morning and I'll tell you. She's a peach, all right."

IN the moonlight, Slim Shayne sat in a small lunch at the pier, hoping he had made a favorable enough impression upon Maria to bring her down to the beach. As the boat rocked in the gentle swell of the waves, he

twanged a guitar and sang "My Madonna" in a pleasing baritone. It helped to pass the time and would advertise his presence if the girl actually came.

And Maria came, slipping through the moonlight, her nerves tremulous but her heart thrilling. The romance of the night—the moonlight on the water, the man's voice singing, the words he sang, the look that had been in Slim Shayne's eyes—awakened new emotions, new longings in her. She had never had a lover, had never been with boys her age, the regulations of the school were too strict to permit of opportunities. If Miss Farwell learned that she had slipped out at night to meet a man (even if it were some one she knew), expulsion from school was the least she could expect. Yet she was a grown woman, with the dreams and longings that come to girls of her age.

"Maria, is it you?" She heard his happy shout from the launch and went to meet him as he sprang from the boat to the pier. "You did come! I began to think you never was comin', Maria."

He took her hands and she let him hold them a moment. "I can't stay long," she said defensively. "The faculty is very strict."

"It won't take long to reach the boat and show it to you," he said. "Gee, it was nice of you to come!"

Far out on the water she could see the shadowy outline of a ship, with a light burning on the mast.

"Is that it?" she asked, pointing at the shadowy shape.

"Yes. Watch you step gettin' into the launch. Here, let me help you." He placed an arm about her waist and half lifted her into the boat. "We'll be there in five minutes," he assured her, as he started the motor and headed out into the bay. They did not speak against the sputtering of the motor on that swift ride to the ship. He helped her climb the ladder to the deck. "Here we are, Maria. That's my cabin there. Want to see it?"

The girl hesitated, half fearful at the idea of entering the quarters of a man she did not know existed a few hours earlier.

"I'll be expelled from school if they ever find out," she whispered.

"Aw, nobody will ever know," he spoke reassuringly and handed her his guitar. "Nobody's on board but an old watchman. I'll take care of you." As she tried to overcome her qualms, Slim opened the door. A beam of moonlight through the port-hole fell upon his face. He smiled at her so reassuringly that Maria stepped into the cabin after him. He snapped on the overhead light and took the guitar from her. "My palace, Maria!" he said, with a clumsy, sweeping gesture. "Come in and make yourself at home!"

She looked around and managed to summon a little smile.

"What a funny place! I thought government ships were so tidy."

She glanced about with interest while Slim, grinning at her remark, noiselessly closed the door. She came to a halt by the bunk with its iron safety rail.

"Are you afraid of falling out?" she asked in gentle raillery.

"Keeps a fellow from rolling out in a storm and cracking his head on the floor."

"Do ships roll as much as that?" Her interest in the strange surroundings was rapidly drowning her alarm at her audacity in coming aboard.

"Do they? I'll tell the world! I've known this one to roll right over and come up on the other side!"

Maria's eyes opened wide at this remark, although she knew he was but "kidding" her. She gave him a queer little glance and started around the cabin, examining everything in it—the pictures tacked to the bulkheads, the funny table fastened to a bulkhead by a hinge, the shade, made from newspapers, that encircled the overhead light. She came to a halt before a lurid chromo of a pair of ugly, bearded pirates. As she stared at him, Slim seized the opportunity to tear down from the wall a picture of a nude girl from a cover of *La Vie Parisienne,* with a sideglance to see if she noticed his action. He waited his opportunity to flip it out through the port-hole and then joined her in front of the chromo.

"What do you think of my art gallery?" he grinned.

"Horrible!" she shuddered, her gaze still on the pirates. His response was a laugh. She stopped in front of a map dotted here and there with black-headed pins. "What are the pins for—Slim?"

It was the first time she had called him by his name, and he stepped up close to her, explaining:

"Places I've been—Hong-Kong, Port Said, Java, Archangel—all the towns worth seeing. I brought you a present from Java. I'll show it to you."

Puzzled at his words and his manner, she watched him go to his locker.

"A present for me? But you didn't know me!"

"But I knew I was going to know you," he proclaimed, standing up and unrolling a beautiful Javanese silk shawl. "Isn't it a beaut?"

"It's lovely!" she cried, fascinated by its barbaric color and design, holding it against her skirt.

He whisked it out of her hands and flung it over one of her shoulders, drawing it tightly beneath the other arm. He seized his guitar and began strumming, "The Ladies". "Javanese shawl—seems to call for sailor music."

Imbued with the spirit of fun, she began swaying to the music but suddenly stopped. It seemed to her almost immodest to sway to that music, wearing the exotic shawl, before a man, almost a stranger.

"Go on! Dance!" he begged her, continuing to play.

"No. Please stop playing. It makes me feel—"

"I know. You gotta get used to it—a little at a time." He put down the guitar. As she caressed the silken folds of the shawl, Slim drew closer, letting his hand slip caressingly along her arm. She pulled away, without appearing to have noticed the gesture, and drew the garment more closely about her shoulders.

"Do you still sail all around the world?" she asked, stopping again in front of the map.

A grin spread over Slim's face as he replied:

"No, we only go to Nassau these days—and occasionally to Canada."

She stared at him blankly.

"Oh, I thought you said it was a Government boat or something."

"I'll show you what I mean," he guffawed at her incomprehension. "We'll have a little party. I'll be only a minute."

He left the cabin, and, as she caressed the shawl, she hummed the tune of "My Madonna", smiling to her-

self at the thought of the adventure she was having. Yet she was nervous enough to giggle apprehensively as Slim returned, carrying two bottles. He opened one and she started, as the cork popped out and the champagne fizzed over. Slim capped the bottle with his hand while he got two drinking glasses. He filled them to the brim and gave her one. From the rack, he got a box of cakes and opened it. Then he up-ended an old suit case for her to sit on and lifted his glass.

"Here's to the next time we meet, Maria!"

Mystified by the drinking ritual, she nevertheless held up her glass, spilling a little of the liquid. She sipped at the bubbling contents of her glass, while Slim emptied his.

"It makes my throat feel tickly," she said with a wry face.

"Always does at first, but each mouthful tastes better than the one before. Take another swallow and have a cake."

As she drank, she noticed the tatooing on his arm.

"May I see the pictures on your arm?"

"Sure! This blue one's a dragon. The little one's an elephant. That blurry line used to be 'Now I lay me down to sleep' before it got wore out."

She traced the drawing of the dragon with her finger, looking up to smile at Slim, still touching his skin. Something in his eyes made her lift her glass in confusion and take another swallow.

"I'm going to have you initials put on there—with a heart or something," Slim said, to make conversation, while his pulse began to beat faster.

"Maybe you'd put my picture there, too," she giggled with a new confidence, but feeling a little dizzy.

Slim refilled her glass, then watched it, filling it before it was empty and drinking heartily himself. Maria began to giggle at nothing—at what Slim said, at the way he looked. She caught suddenly at the table as though the ship had given a lurch. Then she began fanning herself with the cover of the cracker-box.

"Hot, Maria?" She nodded and giggled. "Let me take off the shawl."

She drew it closer and he slipped an arm about her in the effort to unloosen her fingers. With another giggle, she pushed him away so that he knocked the table and upset the bottle of champagne.

"What do we care?" Slim grinned. "There are lots more where that came from."

He got the second bottle. He worked the cork loose, but held it in the bottle, pointing it toward the ceiling with more care than though he had been aiming a gun. Then the cork popped out, struck the electric light bulb and smashed it. As darkness, save for the moonbeam through the port-hole, shrouded the room, Maria was frightened and got unsteadily to her feet.

"Oh, oh, let's get out!"

"Nothing to worry about—I'll take care of you."

Sensing an unknown danger, she retreated as he advanced towards her.

"Please, please, Slim!" She dodged his outstretched arms, upsetting a chair and the suit case. Before she could regain her balance, Slim had her fast in his arms, his mouth seeking hers. "Please, Slim, please!" she cried hysterically, turning her head away from him. "If you kiss me, I won't like you." Slim drew her head tightly against him, smothering her words. Kicking and squirming, fear clutching at her heart, she got partly free. "Stop! You'll make me *hate* you!"

Her voice had risen almost to a scream when her words were cut off by Slim's lips fastening eagerly on hers. She leaned far back, trying to escape those hot lips, but Slim supported her with one arm, while the other held her shoulder as he bent forward, taking another long, burning kiss.

He felt her relaxing in his arms and his hands began sliding down her side when the sound of a pistol shot on board the boat so startled him that he released his hold and she fell back against the wall near the port-hole.

HE listened for a moment, hearing nothing but the girl's sobbing. A sharp voice on deck called something. Slim rushed to the door and went out into the passageway. With a warning gesture to the cowering girl, he cautiously closed the door and made his way swiftly but silently to the deck. He had no more than opened the companionway door when a federal agent came around the corner and covered him with a revolver.

"Hands up!" he cried. Instead of obeying, Slim made a dash for the boat's rail. The man fired. Slim spun around but continued on to the rail over which he flung himself into the sea. There was a sharp pain in one arm, but he could swim. A dark cloud obscured the moon and hid him from the officials on the boat.

AS the door closed on Slim, Maria stood trembling, panting for breath, still leaning against the side of the cabin. Her dress was torn from her shoulders. Fear had paralyzed the sobs that had been catching at her throat.

At the sound of the shot the federal officer had fired at Slim, the girl was in a frenzy of fear. She must not be found on board the ship! She looked frantically about. Should she risk following Slim? No, there was the port-hole. It was big enough for her to slip through. It was open. She felt outside and her fingers came in contact with the links of a chain. She let herself out through the port-hole, feet first, and began to descend the chain, hand over hand. She did not think what she was to do when she let herself down into the water. Her only concern was to get off the boat.

When she thought she must have descended twenty or thirty feet, she looked down and saw two men with arms upraised, ready to catch her. They were in a launch. As one pair of hands touched her waist, she fainted.

(Loneliness and the lure of youth and moonlight —these changed the entire life-story of Maria Morton. For the next installment of this serial, see Moving Picture Stories dated September 3rd.)

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